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"And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4). This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. It's contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Unfortunately, this does not mean approval of the "entire source," but only of what is herein published.

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A tour of New York's parochial schools by the education editor of the "Times" outlines one of the Church's biggest problems

School Days: Here and Now

By BENJAMIN FINE

Condensed from the New York Times*

ASOPHOMORE class at the Bishop McDonnell Memorial High school in Brooklyn was earnestly considering the practical applications of "Thou Shalt Not Steal" when I entered. What did this mean to the young ladies, Sister wanted to know.

"It means that you should be honest," several suggested at once. That answer started a wholesome discussion on homely virtues.

"Honesty involves not only being fair in business, but in everyday life," one girl suggested. The students agreed that the religion courses would help them in their relations with others, inside as well as outside school.

An English class had just finished reading Hawthorne's *The House of Seven Gables*. The girls began to dissect the plot. They felt that it was wrong to take the property of others, and that one should not carry a grudge all one's life. Anyway, they thought

it was a somber, depressing book.

Edwin Markham's *The Man With the Hoe* received greater acclaim. Several students saw in this poem a message for today. Said 15-year-old Raffaella Viscose, who hopes to be an artist, "Tyranny will always be overthrown. If a person is robbed of his freedoms, as in Russia, he will overthrow the dictator. God gave man a soul, and no one can hold that down."

New York City's Catholic schools are much like the public schools. There is just one big difference. In the Catholic schools, on all levels from kindergarten through high school, the course of studies has a religious base. One period a day is set aside for actual religious study, geared to the age of the child, but religion is integrated with practically all subjects throughout the school day.

"We are taught to live a clean, moral life," said 14-year-old Donald Griffin of Cardinal Hayes High school. He



*Times Square, New York City. June 1, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

War Babies Go to School

THIS MONTH, more than 3½ million children will enroll in Catholic elementary and secondary schools in the U.S. This is 150,000 more than last year. Next year there will be another 250,000. By 1960, there will be 4½ million children in the Catholic school system. It took 20 years for the Catholic schools to handle their last million of growth. The next million must be provided for in seven years.

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plans to go to Manhattan college, and become an engineer. "I find that I have been helped outside of school by what I learn in this religion class."

Other students agreed with Donald. They pointed to the importance of "knowing God" and "appreciating the value of prayer" as aspects of their Cardinal Hayes training that will remain with them for life.

Last year the New York archdiocese introduced a completely revised course of studies, with religion serving as the heart of the entire educational program. As listed in the syllabus, the primary objective of religious education is "to train the young to lead Christ-like lives, lives of unselfish love of God, and for His sake, of man."

Overcrowding is a problem that the Archdiocese of New York and

the Diocese of Brooklyn share with New York's public schools. Catholic leaders are concerned. They are worried at the increasing teacher shortage, both Religious and lay. Buildings cannot be put up fast enough. Even though ten schools are scheduled to be opened throughout the city this September, the long waiting lists still continue.

The situation of the high schools is especially critical. Msgr. John J. Voight, New York archdiocesan school superintendent, points out that 14,000 children were graduated from his elementary schools in June. His high schools will be able to take only 9,500 of them.

New York today has 438 schools, of which 105 are on the secondary level. To increase enrollment 30% during the next ten years, leaders of the two dioceses are planning to remodel and expand many of these and to build 80 new grade schools

Teachers for the War Babies

THIS fall, Catholic schools will employ approximately 112,000 Religious and lay teachers. By 1960, they will need 45,000 more. There simply aren't enough nuns to fill the growing needs of the parochial schools, and although those schools are employing more lay teachers than ever before, there aren't enough of these to go around either.

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and 15 new high schools. This expansion program will cost Brooklyn and New York parishioners \$100 million.

For the most part, the costs of running the schools are met by parishioners. Since the Religious teachers do not receive salaries beyond their bare living expenses the total operating expenses are considerably below those of the public schools.

It is estimated that New York City's education budget would be increased \$110 million a year if it had to take care of the 300,000 children in the parochial-school system, which is larger than the total school population in all but the largest cities of the nation. The Catholic school buildings alone would cost the city close to $\$1\frac{1}{2}$ billion.

The fundamentals are stressed in Catholic education. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are separate subjects, as are history and geography. In contrast to the "activity method" used in the public schools, the Catholic schools have retained to a large extent the "traditional" system of teaching.

When I entered the first grade at St. Philip Neri elementary school in the Bronx, the children were reading from their primer. One after another, the six-year-olds came to the front of the room, read a portion of the story, and returned to their seats. Then came "oral expression."

With complete confidence, pretty

Ellen Hammill, who wishes to be an artist, stepped forward. "I once went to the Museum of Natural History with my grandfather," she began. "We saw some skeletons and some animal heads and alligators and a great big giant dinosaur. It had no skin on it."

"Can you draw a dinosaur?" asked Mother Concepta.

"With the skin on or off?" Ellen wanted to know, being of a practical mind.

After she had completed the drawing, one lad piped up, "It looks like a puppy to me!" And

Schools to Cost \$1 Billion

TODAY 12½% of all American children go to Catholic schools. By 1960, the figure will probably be more than 14%. To handle this expansion, the National Catholic Educational association estimates, Catholic schools will need an additional 46,000 classrooms. At today's costs, these will cost more than \$1 billion, practically every cent of which will have to come from individual Catholic families. Msgr. Frederick G. Hochwalt, secretary general of the NCEA, says that the support which Catholics have given their schools in the past has already been "almost unbelievable," but that these new demands will form a serious difficulty.

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What Will the War Babies Learn?

EDUCATORS at this year's NCEA convention viewed their swelling enrollment as an unequaled challenge. They came away with far-reaching plans for the future. If your child goes to a Catholic school (50% of all Catholic grade-school children and 35% of Catholic high-school children do), here are some of the changes you can expect in his education in the next few years. 1. Major curriculum changes based on present-day needs. 2. Increased use of television for educational purposes. 3. Less emphasis on textbook education, and more on learning by doing. 4. More "permissive" attitudes in the classroom than have been traditional in Catholic schools. 5. Strong emphasis on the artistic development of children. 6. Most important of all, new attention to moral and religious training.

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another said happily, "I think it looks like a kitty."

"I'd rather draw than read," Ellen confided to the visitor. "Not me," said six-year-old Michael O'Leary. "I'd rather read. I want to be a tow-truck man when I grow up."

In another class the children had just learned to use the dictionary.

First they would give their own definitions, and then one of the 3rd-graders would look it up.

"What does *intermission* mean?" the teacher asked.

That was easy. "When there is an advertisement on television, it's an intermission," came the quick answer.

What about *interception*? Again, the modern era has left its mark. One lad explained, "Maybe the President wants to make an important announcement. And maybe there is a cowboy show on. You'll intercept that program and get a bulletin about the President."

At the St. Benedict Joseph elementary school in Richmond Hill, Queens, a class in religion considered the importance of good neighborliness. "We learn respect for our elders," one boy said. Another added, "You should love your neighbor and not consider his race, color or religion."

One of the 2nd-grade classes had 62 children. The youngsters seemed well-behaved despite the crowding.

"Of course we'd like smaller classes," said the principal, Sister Amadeus, who has been teaching 36 years, "but our control of the children has not yet suffered from the greater numbers we are teaching. We find that the Religious habit worn by the Sisters means a great deal. It keeps the children attentive. You know, we are old-fashioned enough here to believe in courtesy and respect for authority."

Psychologists can read far down in the depths of your personality by asking

Two Magic Questions

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Condensed from *This Week**



PSYCHOLOGISTS have made a discovery that in a few minutes will give you an insight into a person's character that you might otherwise never obtain.

The discovery, deceptively simple, took six years of painstaking psychological research. Psychologist David L. Cole, of Occidental college, Los Angeles, who directed the study, used hundreds of students as guinea pigs.

Professor Cole and his colleagues found that by asking a person two disarming questions the door to his personality can be made to swing wide open.

These two questions will surprise you. They carry no hint that they are "loaded." In fact, they seem completely guileless. They might have been formulated by a child instead of by a battery of scientists.

The first question is: "If you were to become an animal, what animal would you choose to be?" The second question is simply: "Why?"

Stop here! Before going on, try

the two questions on yourself. Then read on and see what your answers mean to the psychologists.

The first question merely leads up to the psychological jackpot. It's the *Why* that reveals what a person is really like.

Let me cite some typical answers. Girl: "If I had to be some form of animal, I think I'd like to be a butterfly." The reason: "Because they lead a carefree, irresponsible life, flitting from flower to flower. It seems like an easy life." This girl's answer tells us much about herself. She's allergic to work, does not like responsibility, has fickle tendencies, wants to "take it easy" in pleasant surroundings. She's the breakfast-in-bed type who would like to snare a wealthy husband.

The average man would be better off choosing a girl like the one who answered, "I would rather become a bird than any other animal, because birds have a more devoted family life than most creatures; they are usually happy and peace-loving. Also, I would like to fly."

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. May 10, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corp.

This girl is the domestic type. She has the loyalty and steadfastness that should make her an excellent wife and a good mother. Her answer also makes it obvious that she likes to have things run smoothly. She does not tend to be quarrelsome or argumentative. She is a peace-loving girl, with the instincts of a happy homemaker. She deserves a good husband. Note that she also likes to get away from it all once in a while—her husband would do well to take her on an occasional trip. For, as she says, she also likes to fly.

Now let's take a man who wished to be a dog. Said this gentleman, "Dogs are usually well fed, sheltered, and all their needs are taken care of. They have few problems, and nothing to worry about."

This fellow lacks confidence in himself, tends to lean on others, and feels basically insecure. Possibly he was overprotected as a child. If a rich uncle would die and leave him an annuity, that would suit our hero just fine. He's the dependent type.

Another person wished to be a dog because, she said, "I love people and like to be around them. I would like and agree to do anything my master suggested. And I would feel content and secure in his love for me. I would enjoy being with people and trying to make them happy."

It's plain that this person has a submissive nature, is gregarious,

eager to please, seeks to be dominated, and has a strong need for affection. She has a genuine love for her fellow men, is sympathetic and understanding.

Here is an answer which revealed the extreme opposite type of personality. "I would be a skunk; I don't like people." How antisocial can you get?

The skunk, incidentally, seemed to be a favorite animal among those who exhibited a marked preference for their own company. Example: "Skunk. You could have privacy any time you wanted it." And "Skunk. Power to send away boring companions at will."

People with aggressive, domineering personalities frequently chose lions and tigers as the animals they'd prefer to be. Example: "Lion. He's king of beasts and can do just about what he pleases. Eats what or who he wishes to. Is monarch of all he surveys."

This fellow may present a polished exterior, but his barbaric instincts lie pretty close to the surface. He likes to throw his weight around when he thinks he can get away with it. He loves power, is basically selfish, and can show a callous disregard for others.

People whom personality tests showed to be extremely conceited, vain, and given to self-admiration, gave answers such as this: "I'd like to be a sleek, shiny race horse. They are always taken care of so beautifully, and are so handsome."

And (a girl's answer): "I think I'd choose being a deer. They are such pretty creatures, and have such long beautiful legs. And they move so gracefully." And "I think it would be nice to be a chipmunk. They are so little and cute, and I love their ears and whiskers."

The answers of the hundreds of subjects tested ran a wide gamut, reflecting just about every type of personality in the book. One person, for example, wanted to be an amoeba, so that he wouldn't have to think, feel, work, struggle, or do anything except exist.

A practical, if somewhat mercenary, blonde said, "Well, I suppose if I had to be an animal, I'd be Mickey Mouse. I might as well make some money and get my name on the marquees."

A mother and daughter were interviewed separately. The mother said she would rather be a cow, because a cow nourished her offspring, and looked after it as a good mother should. The daughter, with no knowledge of her mother's response, said she would be a calf. "Because," she said, "a calf gets plenty to eat and its mother takes good care of it."

The Occidental-college psychologists found that this animal-question technique works effectively on almost everyone. No person tested gave an answer which did not accurately reveal personality traits and character tendencies. The investigators also reported that there was

no evidence of any individual attempting to put his "best foot forward" in giving responses. It did not occur to the subjects that they were revealing their own personalities; rather, they assumed that they were talking about the traits of a selected animal.

The six-year study also included another animal question disclosing further personality secrets. This question, tested on 200 subjects, was, "What animal would you least like to be, and why?"

Just how important this question can be is demonstrated by some of the typical responses. For example, "I'd least like to be an ant. Ants are too conventional. Their lives are so ordered, methodical, and regimented that I can't imagine a more stupid existence." It's pretty clear that this fellow is an individualist. He has initiative, is depressed by routine, and is not overly fond of discipline.

"The animal I'd least like to be is a canary," said another. "Canaries have beautiful voices, but they are in cages and lead sheltered lives. They never experience adventure, never can take a chance. Their life seem useless and empty." This lad finds the "struggle for existence" an exhilarating challenge. He has self-confidence, a zest for life, and a well-developed sense of his own security.

Another person listed three animals he'd least like to be (ant, fish, dog) because "they lead a danger-

ous life and are likely to get killed." This chap has an anxiety neurosis, a below-zero rating in sense of security.

The most succinct response was: "I'd least like to be a stork. I don't like babies!" Runner-up was: "Any animal that has no brains, because I like to think."

A social-minded gal put the skunk at the bottom of the list, because "they are not well liked." Another person least preferred to be a lion, "because a lion leads a life of comparative isolation, and does not enjoy the advantages of community life."

Over 80% of the responses indicated one of four general personality types.

1. The self-sufficient type. With a need or desire to be independent of others; a need to be free from restraint (but not responsibility);

and a desire to be master of, or have power over, others.

2. The social and environment-conscious type. Inclined toward gregariousness, social usefulness; disposed toward working with others, and with a strong sense of family responsibility.

3. The vain, self-centered type. Given to self-admiration, and seeking to impress others with his own attributes.

4. The insecure type. Lacking in self-confidence, and fearful of his environment, he is possessed of a desire to escape adult responsibilities, to "get away from it all," or to find someone to lean on.

The what-animal-would-you-like-to-be technique also makes one of the most fascinating parlor games ever invented. Next time you want to find out what your guests are really like, give it a whirl!

Double Play

HERE is a word game for baseball fans. Ten Catholic major-league diamond stars can be identified through the definitions listed below which either give or suggest their surnames. For example, "leaf of a book" defines *page*, suggesting Satchel Paige of the St. Louis Browns. You're batting .300 if you get at least 3 correct. Answers on page 56.

1. Tommy damage by fire
2. Eddie blends into a mass
3. Hank having a rancid taste
4. Bob walking stick
5. Hank shady shelter of vines
6. Johnny gradual development
7. Bob move with haste
8. Johnny troublesome
9. Bob become tan
10. Frank two-wheeled carriage

Do Americans Want Their Children To Receive Religious Instructions?

*The 18th in a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST
survey of religion in the U.S.*

THE American school system, public and private, will have more pupils than ever this fall. Along with the widespread concern for additional room, there is the equal concern over securing the best kind of education.

The best kind of education, Americans have traditionally believed, includes religious education, whether in church, school, or home, or in all three places. THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, in its survey of religion in the U.S., made it a special point to find out what Americans think about religious education in regard to their children.

Since those who answered the questionnaire were 18 years of age or older, we first asked whether they themselves had had any religious training and, if so, what kind. We then asked what they thought of the religious instruction they had received, and whether they thought it should have been different. We asked, finally, whether they would wish their own children to receive religious education and, if so, what kind.

The first question was worded as follows: "Did you yourself happen to receive any religious training as

a child?" It called for Yes or No.

It may come as a surprise to learn that of the 104 million adult Americans the survey represents, only 6%, or a little over 6 million, state that they received no religious training. Nearly 98 million, or 94% of the total, have had religious education of some kind. This extraordinarily high percentage signifies that almost the entire present generation of Americans has been brought into contact with some religious training.

Where did these 98 million Americans receive their education? The great majority of them, 72%, secured their religious training at Sunday school. Thirty-seven per cent had religious instruction at home; 21%, at a religious or parochial school; and 4%, from some other source. The total percentage exceeds 100: the reason is that many persons received religious education in more than one place. Some, for example, who received religious education at home, had additional instruction at Sunday or parochial school.

Protestants received their religious training chiefly at Sunday school. More than 60 million of the

71 million adult Protestants, or 86%, have gone to Sunday school. Nearly 30 million, 41%, had instruction at home. Only 5 million, 7%, went to a religious or parochial school. Chief among these are Lutherans, of whom 2 million out of approximately 8 million have attended a religious or parochial school. However, Protestants are expanding their religious-school activity, and it would be interesting to examine a similar poll on this question 10 or 15 years from now.

Catholics, on the contrary, have received their formal religious education at the parochial school. Nearly 15 million out of almost 24 million adult Catholics, or 62% of the total, have had parochial-school education. A little over a third of the Catholics have had religious instruction at Sunday school. Only 23% of the Catholics received religious instruction only in the home.

The same situation is somewhat paralleled by Lutherans, who have a relatively high 24% with paro-

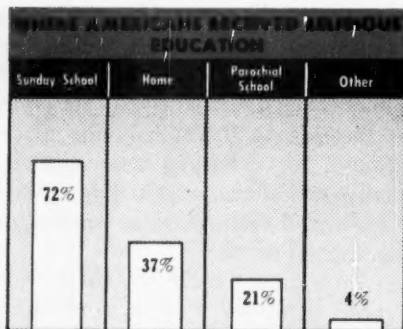
chial education and a relatively low 27% with home instruction. Congregationalists, although they have a high 89% with Sunday-school education, have only 26% with instruction at home. The Jews have the highest percentage of religious instruction at home, approximately 50%.

"How satisfied are Americans with the religious education they received?"

There is a resounding vote of approval on this question. Of the 104 million Americans, 78%, or approximately 81 million, think their religious education was satisfactory.

A little over 8 million other persons say they wish they had received more religious training. This comment implies that such persons do not think they received enough religious instruction, but it does not necessarily mean that the instruction was unsatisfactory.

In any case, there is a remarkable figure of nearly 80% of all Americans who think that their religious instruction was satisfactory. Eight out of every 10 is an enormous majority. It is a splendid testimony to the able and generous work done by priests, nuns, and lay teachers in parochial schools, by thousands of devoted persons who give their time in Sunday school, and by parents who have seen to it that knowing about God is at least as important as knowing good table manners.



Of the remainder, excluding the 8% who wish they had received more religious training, the largest group, 4%, was of the opinion that the instruction could have been better. Only 1% wish they had received less religious training; 1% wish they had received more Bible training; and 1% think the training should have been more tolerant. The rest either had no opinion or made scattered comments.

As a group, Catholics expressed the highest percentage of satisfaction with their religious instruction. More than 20 million, or 86% of all adult Catholics, had a favorable opinion. Exactly three-fourths of all Protestants thought their religious instruction was satisfactory. Among Protestants, Episcopalians had the highest, 84%, followed by Presbyterians and Methodists, each with 79%. Even 75% of those who do not consider themselves in the category of Jews, Catholics, or Protestants expressed a favorable opinion of their religious education.

Against the background of these questions, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked how these persons felt

about having their own children receive religious education. This question shifts the point of view from what has happened in the past to what they would like to see happen now and in the future. If approximately 80% of Americans liked the religious education they received, do they wish their children to have religious education in the same high proportion?

An even larger majority say they wish their children to have religious education. To the question, "Would you want a child of yours to receive any religious education?" an astounding 98% of all adult Americans answer definitely they do. Actually, only 1% state definitely that they do not desire religious education for their children, with the other 1% undecided. This response indicates that of every six persons who, in the first question, say they received no religious education, five of them would have their children get the religious education that they themselves have missed.

In last February's issue of 'THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, the survey re-

AMERICANS WHO FOUND THEIR RELIGIOUS TRAINING SATISFACTORY

Catholic	Episcopal	Methodist Presbyterian	Congregational Lutheran	Baptist	Jews	Others
86%	84%	79%	76%	74%	72%	70%

Question 8-a. Would you want a child of yours to receive any religious instruction?

8-b. What kind—Sunday school, religious or parochial school, or instruction at home?

	Millions of People This Represents	WOULD WANT A CHILD OF MINE TO RECEIVE					
		Sunday School %	Instruction at Home %	Relig. or Parochial School %	Other Religious Training %	No Religious Training %	Undecided %
TOTAL U. S.....	104.0	75	39	25	5	1	1
RELIGION—R. Catholic....	23.7	27	20	74	3	1	1
Protestant total.....	71.1	92	47	9	6	1	1
Baptist.....	18.0	94	48	9	7	1	1
Methodist.....	16.6	96	51	8	5	1	*
Lutheran.....	7.9	83	34	21	5	1	2
Presbyterian.....	7.2	96	46	2	4	2	1
Episcopal.....	3.0	94	41	11	7	1	1
Congregational.....	1.6	96	33	9	2	4	0
Other denominations.....	16.8	89	51	7	6	5	1
Jewish.....	3.5	49	34	40	8	5	1
Other and None.....	5.7	69	42	11	4	11	6
SEX—Men.....	51.5	75	39	23	5	2	2
Women.....	52.5	74	40	27	5	1	*
AGE—18-24.....	11.8	68	33	29	5	1	2
25-34.....	23.4	75	40	25	4	1	1
35-44.....	22.3	75	39	24	5	2	1
45-54.....	20.0	75	40	25	5	2	2
55-64.....	13.7	74	39	25	6	2	1
65 & over.....	12.8	80	46	22	5	2	*
RACE—White.....	93.7	74	39	25	5	2	1
Negro.....	10.3	85	40	21	3	2	2
EDUCATION—0-8th grade..	25.0	74	35	25	5	2	2
1-3 years' high school.....	19.8	71	34	30	6	2	1
High school graduate.....	39.4	74	41	26	4	*	2
1-3 years' college.....	7.3	80	47	21	8	1	1
College graduate.....	12.5	81	55	19	5	*	3
OCCUPATION—Professional	9.3	79	50	23	6	1	2
Proprietor or manager.....	9.4	80	43	23	6	2	1
White-collar worker.....	19.5	75	40	25	5	1	1
Service worker.....	10.4	74	40	26	5	1	2
Manual worker.....	40.9	70	33	29	5	1	1
Farmer.....	13.0	88	53	16	6	1	2
Other.....	1.5	72	41	22	1	5	1
INCOME—Upper.....	17.7	81	48	21	7	2	1
Middle.....	53.0	74	39	27	5	2	*
Lower.....	33.3	73	36	25	5	2	2
CITY SIZE—Over Million..	12.1	55	29	44	3	3	2
100,000—1 Million.....	18.6	74	37	27	5	1	1
25,000-100,000.....	12.2	65	30	31	4	2	1
10,000-25,000.....	8.2	80	29	17	4	1	1
Under 10,000.....	35.9	81	46	20	5	2	1
Rural.....	17.0	83	47	16	7	1	1
REGION—New England....	6.4	59	22	37	3	1	1
Middle Atlantic.....	20.8	59	26	39	3	2	1
South Atlantic.....	14.6	90	57	13	8	2	*
East South Central.....	7.9	88	46	14	7	*	1
West South Central.....	10.0	83	50	17	8	2	1
East North Central.....	21.0	71	39	27	3	3	1
West North Central.....	9.7	76	38	22	9	1	2
Mountain.....	3.5	81	59	26	7	2	1
Pacific.....	10.1	80	34	24	2	1	1

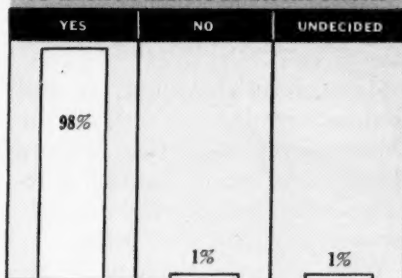
* Less than one-half per cent.

vealed that about 95% of Americans regard religion as important in their lives. Because of this high percentage, we said then that "it is likely that religion will rank high in the values they try to give their children." We see now, with the statistics on the present question, that such a statement was quite modest. An even higher percentage state that they desire religious education for their children, thus indicating they recognize the importance of religious education.

With respect to the kind of religious education Americans seek for their children, 75% specify Sunday school, 39% instruction at home, 25% religious or parochial school, and 5% some other kind of religious training. Here again, because the question permits multiple choice, the percentage exceeds 100.

Three out of every four Catholics designate parochial-school instruction, indicating their strong approval of the instruction they think their children are getting and would get from the parochial school. Protestants, on the other hand, have an overwhelming preference for Sunday school, 92% of them so specifying, although 47% also designate instruction at home. Only 9% indicate parochial-school education, the bulk of this percentage coming from 21% of Lutherans and 11% of Episcopalians. The Jews split the most evenly of any religious group: 49% for Sunday school, 34% for instruction at

DO AMERICANS WANT THEIR CHILDREN TO RECEIVE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTIONS?



home, and 40% for religious or parochial-school education.

The significance of these statistics can hardly be overestimated. Taken by themselves, they may seem very surprising. Viewed in the light of other trends now current in the U.S., some of which have been brought out by the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey, they fit in with a growing religious tendency.

For example, the enormous importance that Americans attach to religious education for themselves and for their children is confirmed by the notable increase in the sale of religious books in this country in recent years. The head of the religion department of a national publishing concern, Eugene Exnam of Harper & Brothers, stated in a recent article in *Harper's* how great this increase is. In 1949, four out of every five nonfiction best sellers had religious titles. Ever since that year, books on religious subjects have been among the ten best sellers of fiction as well as nonfiction.

The volume of religious books published in this country in 1947 was nearly three and a half times that of 1937.

Statistics such as these, as well as those revealed in the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey, show that America is more conscious of the need of religion and more hungry for religious truths than ever before.

What precisely, then, is the sit-

uation in regard to religious education for children this fall? Ninety-eight out of every 100 Americans wish their children to have some kind of religious instruction. The state, the Church, the home, and the school cannot ignore such facts and figures. They have the obligation to fulfill this overwhelming desire for religious education for young Americans.



During the 2nd World War a Navy pharmacist's mate by the name of Robert Hewitt found time to study on shipboard something he had always been interested in, art.

But the more he studied the old masters the more he found himself getting into the realm of something he did not know anything about, for the pictures he was studying had odd names like *The Assumption*, *The Incarnation*, *The Annunciation*.

So Hewitt, a Protestant, found himself studying the Catholic faith, and coming to an understanding of the inspiration that caused the great artists of old to go to the mysteries of the faith for their most profound conceptions.

His new wife, too, shared with him this curiosity to learn more about the Church, and soon they were taking instructions. After the war, Hewitt, as a Catholic, took up the study of art seriously, taking his bachelor and master degrees in art at Denver university. There he amazed his secular-minded fellow students with the burning desire to paint mainly religious subjects. As his thesis for his master's, he executed a huge triptych reredos dedicated to our Lady of the Rosary.

For the last two years he has been an instructor of art at Notre Dame university. He has finally achieved his ambition: to set up an independent studio in which he can use his new and vigorous art techniques in an effort to inaugurate a latter-day renaissance of religious art.

For he owes a great deal to art. Because of it, he and his wife, their four children, his brother, and his aunt have found the faith.

Ed Miller.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

*Your new appliance is worth what it costs
only if you know how to use it intelligently*

Get the Most From Your Home Freezer

By ANN SERANNE

Condensed from "Your Home Freezer"*



WHEN you buy a home freezer you should know that it is not simply a storage vault for fruit and vegetables, nor merely a place to hoard meat against possible shortages. It is really an appliance that can revolutionize your eating habits. It can mean better meals for your family and many more hours of leisure for you, the cook.

To farmers, it may mean liberty to slaughter in summer and fewer trips to food stores in town. To others, it can mean meals planned well in advance, saving last-minute fuss and confusion. Still others will find that it will enable them to take care of unexpected guests without a moment's misgiving. To everyone, a freezer should mean a new and better way of life.

Freezing food is the simplest method of preservation, but not the least expensive. To freeze one pound of food costs several times more than to can it. On the other hand, there are no jars to sterilize

and no standing over a hot stove, for freezing is easy. If you don't save money, you do save time and work. Properly wrapped and frozen foods taste much more nearly like fresh foods than those preserved by any other method.

How do you determine what kind of freezer to buy? Wise buyers are guided by the following considerations. 1. Space available. 2. Number of persons in the family. 3. Extent of their entertaining. 4. Whether or not they have a garden. 5. Time available.

To help you make your decision, you should know that one cubic foot of freezer space will accommodate 54 rectangular pint containers, 70 12-ounce packages of frozen foods, or 12 frying chickens. Two cubic feet will hold a loin or round of beef. Three cubic feet will hold a quarter of beef.

There are three principal types of home freezers. The chest-type freezer ranges in size from 2 to 22 cubic feet. It will store from 70 to

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780 pounds. It may be square or rectangular with a top opening. The upright freezer ranges from 6 to 55 cubic feet, with capacities from 210 to 2,000 pounds of food. It needs no more floor space than a refrigerator and has a front-opening door. The walk-in freezer is really suitable only for farms or for commercial use. More than 20 cubic feet of floor space are required.

Here are more points to consider in shopping about for your freezer. All-steel construction will give longer service. The steel cabinet should have a rust-resistant coating before the final finish has been applied. Plastic door gaskets are resistant to grease and last longer. Baked-on enamel is easy to clean and does not chip. Rounded corners in the interior are easier to clean. The opening should be well-insulated. It should swing easily, on ball-bearing hinges. It should close tightly, and have a cushion gasket surrounding the opening to keep warm air out. Good insulation from 3 to 4 inches thick is vital. A well-insulated freezer will keep foods safe at zero temperature as long as 36 hours after electric current has been interrupted. A fast-freezing compartment is not necessary, but is desirable.

Be sure to give some thought to where you are going to put your freezer before you buy it. The first choice is the kitchen, where you prepare food to be frozen and later

cook the food. The temperature of the room does not affect the constant zero temperature within your freezer, and the kitchen is certainly the logical and convenient place. Common sense will tell you not to put your freezer near the stove, a radiator, or where the sun's rays will strike it continually.

The next best place would be the breakfast room, pantry, or porch, as close to the kitchen as possible.

Finally, the basement or garage must be used if there is no space nearer the kitchen. Even so, the freezer is worth the extra steps.

Check with your electrician to make sure the electrical circuit you plan to use is not already overloaded. A level, solid floor is important.

If you are planning to remodel or buy a new home, make sure that there is space for a freezer in or near the kitchen, even if your budget does not permit immediate purchase of a freezer.

Once you have your freezer properly installed, the best general care that you can give it is to leave it strictly alone most of the time. It automatically controls the zero temperature in the storage compartment and the subzero temperature in the quick-freezing compartment.

How often you must defrost will depend on how often you open the door, how humid the air outside is, and how moistureproof

your packaging of the food has been. Once or twice a year should be sufficient, as a general rule.

Your freezer should be cleaned once a year. The logical time to do this is in the spring, when your supply of frozen food is at its minimum. It is also logical to defrost at this time, too. Turn off the current and place all your frozen food in a box thickly lined with newspapers and dry ice. You can place saucepans filled with boiling water in the freezer to hasten the defrosting process. Wash each compartment with a solution made of two tablespoons of baking soda in each quart of warm water. Dry each compartment thoroughly before turning on the current, and return the food to the freezer as soon as the interior reaches zero.

Does the motor ever need oiling? That depends on the make. Many modern freezers have the motor hermetically sealed with a lifetime of lubrication.

If electric power fails, don't open the door until the power is restored. If the current is off more than 48 hours, open the door just long enough to put dry ice into the compartments. It is a good idea to locate a source of dry ice when you buy your freezer, just in case of emergency. Handle the dry ice with gloves, packing about ten pounds in each compartment. Fifty pounds of dry ice will protect food in a 20-cubic-foot freezer about four days.

Should an alarm be installed? Definitely! Sometimes you may leave the door of your freezer open, or power may fail. Your alarm will sound a warning if for any reason the temperature in the freezer rises to a danger point.

How much will your freezer cost to operate? That depends on many factors: the size of the freezer, type of insulation, the quantity of foods frozen, how often you open the door, the electric rates for your particular community. But your freezer is going to cost you money, so be prepared for your next electric bill. Even the smallest, most economically operated freezer will add about \$3 a month to your bill.

Much of the success of home freezing depends on how well the foods are wrapped. There must be no exchange of moisture or air between the food and the air inside the cabinet. Cold air is dry air and dry air will draw the moisture from the foods unless they are protected by moistureproof and vapor-proof materials. These are readily available and are designed expressly for packaging foods to be frozen. Good wrapping will also prevent exchange of flavors between foods.

Practically every type of food can be preserved by freezing except those intended to be eaten raw and crisp, such as lettuce, celery, radishes and cucumbers.

Everything else freezes well, beef, pork, lamb, fowl, rabbits, squirrels,

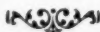
cheese, butter, eggs, bread, rolls, pies, cookies, stews, and soups.

What should you freeze? Books have been written on how to freeze everything from peanuts to porridge. But your freezer space is limited, no matter what size freezer you have. If you are to get the most out of it, every cubic inch must be wisely budgeted so that a variety of foods can be stored. Only thus can you satisfy the personal preferences of your entire family.

Why bother to freeze onions, turnips, beets, green peppers, potatoes? There is seldom a time throughout the year when these cannot be bought at your local

store. It is sensible to have a few French-fried potatoes on hand, and perhaps a loaf or two of French bread and some rolls, just in case of emergency. But don't fill the freezer with them! It will be difficult to resist filling the freezer with luscious strawberries, raspberries, peas in early summer, leaving no room for the broccoli and spinach that will follow later. A fine crop of late vegetables and no place to put them can cause regret.

Use your freezer space wisely. Don't give up canning and pickling. Save your wonderful new home appliance for the job it does best.



How Your Church Can Raise Money

I AM one of the superiors of the Society of Christian Doctrine on the island of Malta in the Mediterranean. I was entrusted with the job of building a new building at the village of Tarxien to receive 500 boys. I have succeeded in building part of the edifice, which up to now has cost about £6,000 (\$16,800).

Our rule strictly forbids public collections, sports-events proceeds, and the like. So I devised a plan compatible with the spirit of our Society.

I had circulars printed, asking donations of hatching eggs. Boys attending our clubs distributed the circulars. Within a fortnight, we received about 600 eggs. A friend offered to hatch the eggs. We got 573 chicks.

Another circular was issued, asking families to raise one or more chickens for us. Some asked for a dozen, and within three days all 573 chicks had foster homes.

After six months, the families were asked to return the cocks and hens. Two of our club members collected and sold the poultry. The sale netted us £418 (\$1,140), which brought our debt down to £980 (\$2,744).

Francis Saliba.

Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.

Holy Land, Inc.

By JAY CARMODY

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Mr. Carmody, dramatic editor of the Washington Evening Star, has been associated with the theater world and its great personalities for more than 20 years.

EDDIE DOWLING, the world-famous actor and producer, is planning a \$2 million stage setting.

On it he will present a "living" life of Christ. The Palestine of our Lord's time will be recreated in Florida, and there will be produced, in play form, the dramatic story of His life.

It will be no cardboard city and countryside. It will be an exact, in-scale reproduction of the hills, the wayside, and the urban architecture of ancient Judea. It will be a permanent, a gigantic mile-square Holy Land, complete to the camel, donkey, and ox-cart transport detail.

This is a drama that Dowling

feels certain will run not merely the rest of his life but, in his own words, "Why not as long as the energy of Christianity impels the lives of men?"

The contagious throb of excitement in Dowling's plan has spread farther and wider through drama and financial circles than any idea he ever had before—and he has come up with many of the theater's most exciting ideas.

Two plays about Jesus' life and work will run, year after year, in this vast, lovely, secluded yet readily accessible American Oberammergau. The productions represent the ultimate reason for the creation of what is to be called Holy Land, Inc.

Holy Land, Inc., is a three-phase project, as follows: 1. The city, which will be a composite reproduction of Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Nazareth. Its buildings will be



the primitive stone-like, sod-roof structures of 2,000 years ago. Its streets will be narrow, crudely paved pathways along which visitors will mingle with a "native" populace of carpenters, masons, fishermen, weavers and beggars (who will not beg). 2. The bazaar, like the shopping centers of Jesus' time, in which handicraft products will be sold, together with the products of modern commerce which are not anachronistic. 3. The amphitheater, seating 5,000, in which will be enacted on a fittingly majestic scale the most moving dramatic incidents in human history: the birth and death of Christ. The intention is to present 120 performances over a period extending from the Christmas season to Easter.

As this is being written, two mile-square sites in Florida are under consideration by Mr. Dowling and his principal associate, Howard B. Kreitsek. The stage setting will be the most expensive ever erected. But America's most exciting drama center will be as unlike Broadway and Hollywood as the mind can conceive.

Holy Land, Inc.'s initial cost of \$2 million will rise later, as much as its anticipated success justifies.

"We could, and ultimately may, spend ten times as much," Mr. Dowling and Mr. Kreitsek agree. "Holy Land, Inc., is unlike any other dramatic project. An *Oklahoma* or similar production represents an initially fixed investment. It does

not grow. We know that we are producing in Holy Land, Inc., the life of Christ, a drama which grew in its influence on men. In the form in which we echo that life, our project also shall inevitably grow."

Although he is determined to keep the sacred drama unsullied by the world, Mr. Dowling wants all the world to see it. The location will be on Highway No. 1 either in the vicinity of Jacksonville, Fla., or close-by Palm Beach. The final choice of site has not been made.

The \$2 million of the initial cost concerns Producer Dowling far less than the smaller sums he has sought from "angels," or investors, in his conventional Broadway productions. No pun intended, he has had evidence on the part of many potential investors that they are anxious to become angels in Holy Land. He anticipates no difficulty in subscriptions once the stock is put upon the market.

Holy Land, Inc., is a nonsectarian project. Its initial backers, spearheaded by F. Brandon Smith, Jr., a South Carolina textile man, include Jews, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Catholics, common believers in the drama of Christianity and its irresistibility to pilgrims.

The pilgrim, whether he comes by land, air or sea, will leave his modern transport and, to the extent possible, his modern world behind. Entering the walled composite city, the visitor will drop back 2,000 years in time. He will find himself in

ancient, narrow streets where people who do not walk ride on camels, donkeys or oxcarts.

There will be the house of Joachim and Anna, unto whose radiant daughter, Mary, the angel of the Lord descended with the news of the Saviour-to-be-born. And the inn at which there was no room, and its stable where there was a manger.

Beyond these, the city's plan calls for in-scale reproductions of the lake of Galilee, the Garden of Gethsemane, the palaces of the high priest Caiphas and Procurator Pontius Pilate, the Ecce Homo arch, the Tyropean bridge, the Via Dolorosa, the hill of Golgotha and, finally, the tomb in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea.

There will be no conducted tours. "This," Mr. Dowling says, "is essential to Holy Land's nonsectarian nature. There will be no lecturer-guides to show the visitor about. Everyone is familiar, in one degree or another, with the story of the Holy Land. Each visitor, therefore, will be permitted to react emotionally on his own terms to what he sees."

Holy Land, Inc., is the conception of a religious man who has no delusion that it is transforming him into anything other than what he always has been—a dramatist, or maker of drama. His success, one of the brightest and most enduring in show business, has lain in the universal appeal of his instinct for the right thing, produced

with good taste and fine artistry.

Despite its mammoth scale, he sees Holy Land, Inc., in the simplest terms. "Our aim," he says, "is to bring the most dramatic life in human history to the largest audience possible on the most suitable stage that can be created."

There is artistic logic in the project, without which Holy Land, Inc., might be another pipe dream of show business. This same artistic logic has won for Mr. Dowling, among other honors, the drama's top prizes for Paul Vincent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance*, William Saroyan's *Time of Your Life*, and Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*.

These are dazzling milestones in American drama history—the more to Mr. Dowling's credit because they were fervently scorned by his fellow producers as beyond the commercial orthodoxy of the theater.

He sees Holy Land, Inc., as symphonic in structure and the emotional effect of a visit to it like that produced by the world's greatest, most enduring music.

"It's like this," he says with the succinctness of a man who sees his vision whole. "A man, and his family, will not merely be going to a theater when they see the Nativity or Passion play. They will have spent hours in the city and bazaar, steeping themselves in the sight, sounds, and smells of Judea in the time of Christ. They will have been

taken out of their world of skyscrapers, superhighways, push buttons, and gear shifts.

"They will, therefore, be more emotionally prepared for the drama that will climax their visit to Holy Land than they have been for any other spectacle they ever saw. Indeed, by virtue of the hours spent in the atmosphere of Christ's life, they will be more participants in, than spectators at, either the Nativity or the Passion play."

As a man who was a Ziegfeld Follies and musical-comedy star on his way to some of the theater's most famous acting roles, it is natural that Mr. Dowling's most intense interest in his new project should center in the Holy Land plays.

He has chosen these—Vittorio Gianinni's elaborately musical *Emmanuel* as the Nativity play, and Marcus' *The Dark Hours* for the Passion—with the taste of a producer come up to the opportunity of a lifetime. From Christmas through Lent, these works will represent the climax of a visit to Holy Land.

Star names are deemed superfluous to drama of the stature of the Dowling Holy Land plays, but name stars, among them Irene Dunne, have indicated a desire to act in the productions. Their interest adds a dimension to the project that Mr. Dowling did not consider at first.

From the beginning, however, he has recognized the plays as the cli-

matic aspect of the Holy Land visit, and these will be produced, directed, cast at a standard second to none. The production and directing will be Mr. Dowling's own and continuing duty in Holy Land, and he aims to make them his supreme achievement in theater.

The most difficult casting chore in his career lies before him in the search for a young, unaffected girl possessing the sensitive beauty essential for the part of the Virgin Mary at the time of Christ's birth. It is doubtful that she will be a known actress, as he oftentimes in the past has reached out among the unknowns for exactly the right person.

Holy Land, Inc., will be a self-sustaining project, of course. It is the intention of its sponsors to see to it, however, that the cost of visiting it is the lowest consistent with the project's self-perpetuation. For admission to the Holy Land itself, the practical idealists sponsoring the project have set a modest price scale within the reach of everyone.

As for the plays, the 5,000-seat arena will be scaled at prices which compare with those charged for movies. The pilgrim will be given what Mr. Dowling and his associates intend to make the most distinguished production in the western hemisphere, leaving "the greatest show on earth" claim to others.

With a mile-square stage setting of the complicated detail planned, they might well challenge this

claim themselves. But they won't, for two reasons: first, it would be inconsistent with the nature of their Holy Land, Inc., project, and second, because it would be inconsistent with their own personalities and ideals.

We were talking about this wonderful thing with a half-dozen people the other day. In a rare moment of silence, Eddie Dowling leaned over and whispered to me, "Just look at the people we have already got thinking about Him."



Marython

Every year on May 1, at the shrine of Our Lady of Altenberg near Cologne, Germany, a young man lights a torch from a vigil light which burns perpetually. From the shrine, carrying the torch, the young man runs through the streets and the countryside toward the next town or village.

He enters each church he passes, and there kindles a vigil light from his torch. The flame of that vigil light then is used to ignite candles for the people who carry them to their homes and place them before their own little statues of Mary.

"The torch of peace" is meanwhile handed from runner to runner, and other torches, lighted from it, are handed to other young men who fan out in all directions throughout Germany.

Sometimes, when a runner, slowing to a walk, carries his torch through one of the larger cities, he is accompanied by as many as 10,000 boys and girls, young men and women, praying, singing, and lighting their candles from the Mary flame. Along the streets they go, igniting the vigil lights in all the homes. Into each church they make their way to plead for peace from the only possible source of peace—God.

Finally the peace flames reach the borders of Germany. There, young men of France or Belgium or other neighboring nations light their torches with the blessed fire, and repeat the Marython for their people.

Each year without fail, since the Marython was inaugurated four years ago, the peace flame has been smuggled through the iron curtain into Sovietized East Germany; and the communist police have not been able to prevent it. Once the fire was carried across in a lantern, innocently carried by an innocent-looking youth. Another time, it was smuggled through in the form of the burning tip of a cigaret smoked by a nonchalant young man.

The young man even went so far as to give cigarets to the communist border guards, and light them from his own. Then he went on to meet the East German Catholic runners who were to fan the ember into flame in some combustible material and to light their own peace torches from that.

Joe Breig in the *Ave Maria* (11 July '53).



North Carolinians Worship Together



The banning of racial segregation in North Carolina's Catholic churches may be the beginning of a big movement

By RALPH MCGILL

Condensed from the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution**

Ralph McGill is editor of the Atlanta Constitution and a Scottish-rite Mason. He was a special advisor to the State department during the Truman administration.

BISHOP VINCENT WATERS, Virginia-born, has ended racial segregation in all Catholic churches in North Carolina. Since his edict, other Catholic and all Protestant churches have been feeling the tremors from the Carolina hills. My private spot-check survey indicates there is majority approval, with some sharp dissent.

The North Carolina decision touched raw nerve ends in both Catholic and Protestant parishes. That worship of God should be segregated, thus implying a similar division in heaven, is so obviously against the basic tenets of the Christian faith as to trouble all but the most thoughtless.

Bishop Waters did not concern himself with the raw nerve ends. Indeed, he set them quivering, saying, "All special churches for Ne-

groes will be abolished as lending weight to the false notion that the Catholic Church, the mystical Body of Christ, is divided."

One Protestant religious leader said, in private discussion, "There should be no division of worship within the Christian church. This is the pebble which will start the avalanche—though, to be sure, the pebble may roll for quite a while."

In Washington, D.C., Father J. B. Tennelly, secretary of the Commission for Catholic Missions Among Colored People and Indians, said that the Church was experiencing a "steady growth" among Negroes. It is not sensational, but it continues.

One strength of the Catholic Church is that it thinks in terms of centuries. It does not seek converts with seasonal revivals or campaigns.

There are about 425,000 active Negro Catholics in the U.S., and of this membership more than half is in the Southern states. While the

*Atlanta, Ga. June 28, 1953. Copyright 1953 and reprinted with permission.

Catholic Church has interested itself with Negro membership since colonial days, it has been in the last 30 years that the work has become most effectively organized. Because of this early history, Louisiana has the largest membership of any Deep South state, a total of 141,378. Since the early influences were along the Gulf coast, Alabama and Mississippi have relatively large totals of Negro communicants, 11,000 and 5,710, respectively.

Active membership of other typical Southern states shows Virginia with 4,500; North Carolina a little more than 3,000; and Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina with about 3,000 each. The gains are slow, but steady. Florida, for example, had a gain of about 1,000 in the last ten years. Atlanta has one of the largest single churches,

Our Lady of Lourdes, about 600.

Catholic schools and churches concerned with the physical and spiritual welfare of the Negro exist in 38 states. Schools, with attendance of more than 70,000, are attached to the approximately 500 churches maintained for "the special benefit" of Negroes. Of these, more than 295 are in the South. The Church maintains exclusively for Negroes 80 high schools, 12 boarding schools, a college, one theological seminary, 22 institutions for industrial training and care of orphans and delinquents, ten hospitals, 20 medical clinics, two homes for the aged, one for incurables, and 22 social-welfare centers.

The North Carolina pebble already has become a rock in the shoe of all Christians, Protestant and Catholic alike.



Aesop's Able

A cow, a pig, and a donkey decided to run away from a Polish collective farm where they did not have enough to eat.

When they arrived at the Soviet border they wondered whether or not they should go on. The pig said he would go and explore, so he crossed the border. One hour later he was back, out of breath and scared half to death. "It is terrible," he said. "Everyone who saw me ran after me with a butcher knife. There is more hunger there than in Poland."

The cow, however, had decided to flee across the border. "They won't eat me," she said, "because they need my milk." Two days passed and she came back. "You can't live there," she mumbled, disappointed. "Everyone milks me and no one will give me anything to eat."

Now it was the ass's turn. The cow and the pig waited for days and days for him to come back. When they had at last given him up for lost, they received a message from him: "Dear cow and dear pig, I have decided to stay; I have become a member of the party."

Sintesi (June '53).

Church Property: *To Tax or Not to Tax*

The 19th of a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of religion in the U.S.

SHOULD the government tax church property used for religious purposes?"

This question was put to all types of people in every state of the Union in a nation-wide poll, and everywhere the prevailing answer was a resounding No.

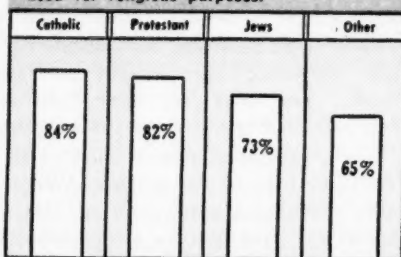
The response to this question shows that 81% of the 104 million Americans represented in this survey are opposed to the taxation of church property while only 12% are in favor of it, 7% undecided.

What proves most interesting is the close agreement among all classes of persons. Previous surveys on religious questions have shown considerable differences of opinion among Americans of different religious groups or varying occupations. On this point no real difference exists. Whether the question is asked of a New England Catholic, a Southern Baptist, or a Mid-western Lutheran, the answer is the same. Whether the person is a doctor or lawyer, rich or poor, a young man or a grandfather, does not seem to have great influence on his opinion. He and more than 84 million other Americans appreciate the

churches, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and other valuable works carried on by religious groups. They do not want to see this good work lessened or destroyed by the burden of taxes.

As an example of the uniformity of opinion, the percentages of those opposed to taxes are: Catholics, 84%; Baptists, 83%; Methodists, 83%; Lutherans, 82%; Presbyterians, 82%; Episcopalians, 84%; Congregationalists, 85%. Likewise, 82% of the men and 80% of the women were opposed. The wealth of the individual makes little difference: 82% of the upper-income group are opposed, 82% of the middle-income group, and 80% of the lower-income group.

Percentages of 104 million adult Americans who oppose taxing church property used for religious purposes.



Look at the other side. Only 10% of the Catholics favor taxes on church property, as compared to 11% of the Protestants and 14% of the Jews. According to the age of the person, the results range from 11% of 18 to 24-year-olds to 13% of those over 65. Practically the same figures are found whether one considers occupation, education, or any other factor. Only 12% of the Americans think that church property should be taxed.

It is interesting to compare these figures with the results of the recent vote in California in regard to this subject. California had a law taxing nonprofit grade and high schools operated by religious groups. The California legislature, recognizing the injustice of this practice, passed by a vote of 108 to 3 a bill giving tax exemption to these schools. The size of this majority clearly indicates the judgment of the legislators on this issue. However, a small group of citizens attempted to block this measure by obtaining enough signatures to force a referendum. The exemption of religious schools from taxation was upheld by a vote of only 2,441,005 to 2,363,528.

Yet this margin may not show the true opinion of the people of California. In a heated and controversially inspired election, such as the one in California, voters are likely to be led by appeal to emotion and prejudice. According to Al Antczak of the *Tidings*, weekly

newspaper of the Los Angeles archdiocese, "the facts of the case were cleverly muddled by bigotry, politely stated and otherwise."

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of the same question had the advantage of being conducted by an independent research organization. In the Pacific region, of which California has by far the largest population, this survey shows that 78% of the people are against the taxing of church property, while only 16% are in favor of it.

A second question was asked in this CATHOLIC DIGEST survey: "Do you think that church property which brings rent or profit to the church should be taxed?" Note that this is quite a different question from the previous one, because this question is concerned with the case in which a church directly undertakes a business for profit. Moreover, this notion of the profit-making business does not include such operations as the making of religious articles or farming, which a religious group such as the Trappists might engage in to support their members so that they can consecrate themselves to a life of prayer and mortification. Rather, it considers such cases as a church buying and renting a downtown office building, or, as in the case of the Mormon church, owning a large share of a railroad and many other commercial enterprises.

Many persons may wonder why a church ever enters the business

world in this way. Usually it does so as a means of supporting its religious and charitable activities. For example, a religious group owns a small business, and the profit from this helps to support their college and to keep the tuition low so that more students can afford a college education.

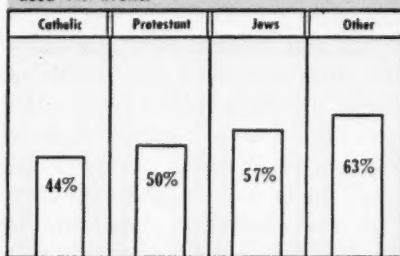
No one questions the right of a church, as a legal entity, to enter the commercial field for profit. But should that church property which is used solely for the making of profit and not for religious or educational purposes be taxed? When this question was put to the American people, they were divided in their opinion, with neither side obtaining an outright majority. According to many, the property should not be taxed, since the profit is being used for religious and charitable purposes. Others feel that the church in these instances is entering the business world and should be treated just as any other individual or corporation is. In the entire country, 49% of the persons interviewed said, "Yes, the property should be taxed"; while 41% said No. Ten per cent were undecided.

When the results of the survey are broken down into various groups some interesting differences appear. According to religion, the results show 44% of the Catholics in favor of such taxes, 50% of the Protestants, 57% of the Jews, and 63% of those belonging to other groups or to no religion. Of the men, 54%

say Yes to these taxes, but only 45% of the women. Likewise, 50% of the whites and 40% of the Negroes replied Yes. On the other hand, the younger Americans from 18 to 24 years of age oppose the taxation even of profit-making church property by a margin of 52% to 40%, while the other age groups reverse this stand. As one might expect, the upper-income group, which must pay the highest taxes, favors such taxes while the lower-income group is definitely against them.

The survey shows that opinion differs little between persons in cities with populations less than 10,000 and those in cities up to a million. However, the region in which the city is located makes a considerable difference. As one moves west there is a gradual change from 40% of those in New England in favor of taxing church property which brings profit, to 69% of those along the Pacific coast. There is a greater variation in opinion according to the section

Percentages of 104 million adult Americans who favor taxing church property used for profit.



of the country than there is according to occupation, age, religion, or any other factor. In fact, the two regions which show a clear majority opposed to these taxes are strongly Catholic New England and the strongly Protestant South Atlantic. These results, as well as the results of many other questions in this survey, show that the American people are not divided on questions of religious policies as much by their different faiths as by the different environments in which

Adult Americans Who Favor Taxing Church Property Used for Profit



they live. The opposition is between regions where large numbers practice their religion and regions where large numbers are indifferent or hostile, such as the Far West, especially the Pacific coast region.



Flights of Fancy



Political plums: unjust desserts.

Pathfinder

Rotating fan searching for air.

D. J. Costello

An heir-conditioned home.

Mary C. Dorsey

Grapevine sneaking away from the trellis.

D. J. Costello

A flapping window curtain scolding the wind.

Paula Schultz

A child walking around with his sleep showing.

Rev. J. Melvin Elving

A riveting headache.

Margaret E. Wolf

Gossips snide by snide.

Norfolk Pilot

Landscapes pensive with shadows.

Robert Littell

Alcoholic: one who drinks between drinks.

Mary C. Dorsey

Single-barreled shotgun type of farmer.

Hi W. Staten

A Christopher generating ten-million Kellerwatts.

J. Campbell Bruce

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

How to Keep a Conversation Going

Here is a surprisingly simple device you can use in business, society, and family life

By DONALD A. LAIRD

Condensed from *Your Life**

PARENTS run into tormenting silences when they try to find out where a teen-age child was last evening. Girls often find their new acquaintances among boys almost tongue-tied. Salespeople run against the stone wall of a customer who stops talking. Executives get headaches from employees who won't explain their complaints after stating them. Well, then, what should you do when the other person won't talk?

Psychologists have just discovered that another person's silence is best overcome if you echo his key phrases. Skilled conversationalists have used that strategy for years, but only now are many people being trained to use it.

Detectives are using this method to get information from people who are afraid to talk for fear they might give something away. Salesmen and executives, too, are being taught this new nondirective strategy. The game is to draw the other person out by using the exact words and thoughts he provides. That keeps his ego up.

One top-flight Washington correspondent uses the strategy to get scoops. Most other reporters ask point-blank questions, and get point-blank "No comments." But this ace reporter echoes the other person's key phrases. Quiet men expand and keep on talking. Their own words stir them more than prying questions.

When this correspondent interviewed an official about the reclamation of western land, he was told: "This land will play a big role in the national economy, and I have always believed the federal government should retain the oil rights."

At that remark a dub reporter, sensing a news lead, would have asked a direct question, "Why do you believe that?" He'd probably have been given a brush-off, or "No further comment."

But this top-drawer interviewer uses the nondirective strategy, echoing the phrase: "You have always believed the government should retain the oil rights." He might have said, "Many people feel the same way." But that would not get the

*270 Park Ave., New York City 17. July, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Kingsway Press, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

official to unload his mind and talk.

The simple rule is to get the other person's ego involved and keep him in the talking mood by repeating his key phrases. No need trying to think up something original to say. After you have tried it a few times, you will find it easy.

When the other person praises himself, merely echo that praise by repeating almost his exact words, such as, "You did pretty well to come out second from the top." His ego is deeply involved in any self-praising comments, and hearing them echoed in an unprejudiced fashion urges him on.

It's astonishing how many opportunities there are to echo the other fellow's self-praise. Talk is shot through with self-praise, even the talk of persons who lean over backwards to be humble; they are praising their own humility.

Repeat self-praising statements back to the speaker, without comment, and without pause. The pause comes after you have echoed the remark, while you wait expectantly for him to go on. You can soon learn to keep any insincere amazement or praise from your voice and repeat his self-praise in a matter-of-fact, unprejudiced way. Then listen.

Expressions of high feeling—anger, love or hate—are always key phrases to repeat. Resist the temptation to pour on sympathy. Feed the speaker's own expressions back to him.

A child comes in from play, wailing, "Those big boys are so mean to me; I am going to have a policeman take them to jail." It is natural for the parent to say something consoling: "There, there. We won't let anyone be mean to you," or "I'll buy you some ice cream but none for those big boys." It is difficult for parents to keep an emotional note out of their voices since their own egos are likely to be involved. But it is more effective if the parent just echoes the child's own words, "Those big boys are so mean to you." The child will quiet down when he hears his own words spoken without emotion.

In ordinary conversation there is no need to echo the other person's every phrase—a parrot could do that. It is disconcerting if all thoughts are echoed; the other person may think you are a Yes man or a moron if you do.

Echo just the right phrases at just the right time.

Self-praising expressions are worth echoing but they need not be repeated when the other person seems bent on talking anyway. His emotional expressions always bear echoing. But watch your timing so that he doesn't think he is being shut off. Watching for the right time helps one remain detached and with wits collected.

Expressions of preferences are usually key phrases, since likes and dislikes are mildly emotional. When the other person says, "I guess the

reason I am partial to him is because I like fat folks," you can echo the preference part: "You like fat folks."

Expressions of likes are usually worth echoing, if you can do it without interrupting him. The echo keeps him thinking, and talking, about things which are pleasant to him. You want the pleasant thoughts to stick in his brain.

His dislikes, on the other hand, are hazardous to echo in ordinary conversation. When he utters a frosty dislike and then stops talking, you will usually be wise to echo some earlier key phrase of his that was pleasant, or switch the topic.

Vague expressions are often key phrases. When the other person is fumbling to find the right words to express his feelings or thoughts, you can help him put it in words: "Isn't this what you have in mind . . . ?" "Let's see if I understand you correctly. . . ."

Self-selling expressions are always echoed by the wise salesman. It is a maxim that customers are sold best by their own words. When the prospect says, "That automatic control is something I wanted," the salesman is tempted to take over and tell how wonderful it is. But he is a better salesman if at first he simply echoes it: "That feature is something you have wanted."

Throughout the sale the seasoned sales maker notes such self-selling phrases, though not always echoing

each at the time he notices it. When the time comes to clinch the sale he recounts these self-selling points. They will be more influential in the buying decision than some more vital points the customer may not have discovered. Self-selling expressions are often a variety of the "preference" phrases.

The rambling or evasive talker who wanders away from the topic makes problems for the salesperson. But by echoing their earlier expressions a good salesman can generally bring the talker back on the track without a jolt. For instance, "You're getting ahead of us. A moment ago you mentioned. . . ." "I was impressed by something you said earlier. . . ." "One of your previous remarks is pertinent. You said. . . ."

Timid or hesitant persons can be drawn out of their shells by repeating almost any of their expressions. When a talker seems to be running down, you can simply repeat his most recent expression to wind him up again.

In case he doesn't resume after that echo, you can bring in a different aspect of the key expression, or switch to a different topic, to keep him from sitting like a bump on a log.

Try more echoing to keep conversation going. Repeating one's own expressions has an unhealthy effect, but echoing the other person's expressions puts new life in his talk.



The Secret Conclave

The story of Blessed Pius X is filmed in Italy

A GROUP of businessmen from Northern Italy suggested the theme of the motion picture *The Secret Conclave* because they wished to honor the religious leader who came from their region. They raised funds for the film and prepared a script which they showed to Umberto Scarpelli, the motion-picture director.

Scarpelli collaborated with Dr. Margadonna on a new script, aided by technical advice from Monsignor Terziarol of the Vatican and Professor Bacchion, an expert on the period. The shooting lasted ten months. Critics in Rome, Geneva, and London have given the film highly favorable reviews.

Text from *The Burning Flame*
by Francis Beauchesne Thornton.*

Pictures from the motion picture *The Secret Conclave*, directed by Umberto Scarpelli. †

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RIESE is a small town near the center of Italy's Venetian plain. From the village square, Mount Grappa can be seen to the north; far beyond it on clear days, the glittering barrier of the Trentine Alps. Here Giuseppe Sarto was born, here he was baptized and went to school.

He was a normal boy in every way: he loved jokes and games and even bad puns. What made him different from many other boys was his aptitude for learning and his great love for God and our Lady. Beppo had his first pair of "regular" shoes the day he started to school in Castelfranco. He rose at five o'clock. The September heat was still fierce on the land. The sky was yellow and the world seemed very young.

Beppo hated to think how much of his mother's work with the needle had gone into those shoes. "I must save them," he thought. It was over four miles to Castelfranco, but Beppo unlaced the shoes and hung them about his neck. Until cold weather came, he walked barefooted all the way to school.



IN high school, Beppo stood first in all his classes. He loved to joke and play, but he was quick to help his parents too.

Beppo wanted to be a priest. His family couldn't spare the money. Beppo and his mother prayed and prayed at the shrine of the Madonna near Riese. Beppo's pastor, Don Tito, applied to Cardinal Monico of Venice for a scholarship for the boy.

Cardinal Monico had been born in Riese, but perhaps he would consider that fact no bond between himself and this poor peasant. And the secretaries of cardinals have an unerring way of winnowing the wheat from the chaff of begging letters.

At last a letter came from the cardinal. Beppo had been given his scholarship. Now he was leaving to enter the seminary in Padua. The cart was packed and waiting in front of the house.

His mother's tears fell on his face but they were tears of joy. Don Tito gave Beppo a little expense money which the people of Riese had collected. All the family watched as Beppo's father pressed the boy's hand in farewell.



AFTER Beppo's ordination he was given a little time to rest himself at home with his family. Then the young priest was given his first work. He was sent to help the pastor at Tombolo, a simple little town in the mountains.

The people were cattle drovers, ruddy, and rough of tongue. They all liked Don Giuseppe Sarto, particularly the children. They loved him especially when he taught them to sing the Mass. One minute they were all in stitches when he imitated their loud singing. The next minute they were like statues when he showed them how it should be done.

During Don Sarto's sermons to the children on Sunday the grown people were all in gales of stifled laughter. He made God so joyful, and he had the drollest insights into the ways in which people plotted to fool themselves. He did not clothe his ideas in big words. His speech had the directness of a peasant. But he made the Gospels so alive that listeners could imagine our Lord walking about the streets of Tombolo.

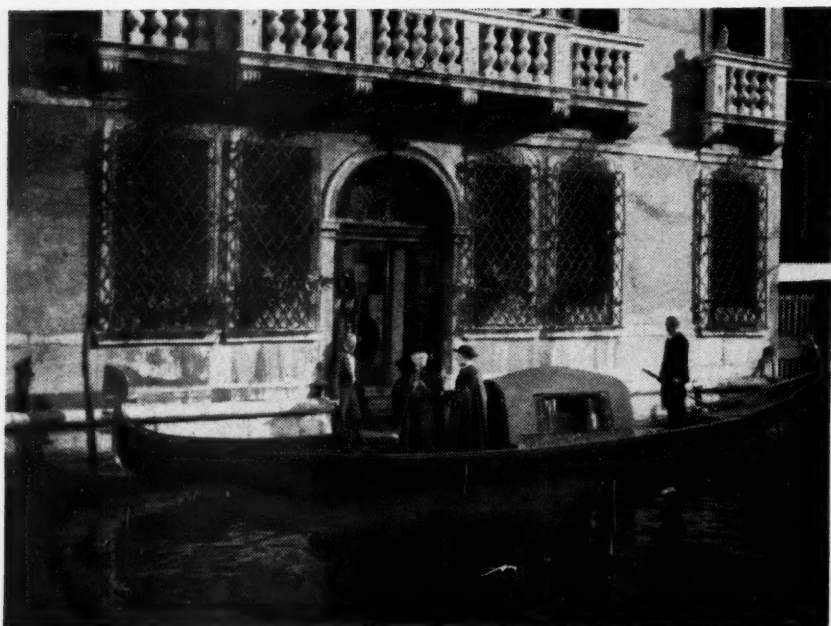


DON SARTO was nine years in Tombolo. He was happy there, and he was sad when he was made pastor of Salzano. His new parish was big, but he remained poor because he gave everything away, including most of his food.

Then the plague came to Salzano. With one accord, the people of the district turned toward Don Sarto. He had to be doctor, priest, and friend. Day and night, he seemed forever on the roads. His days were filled with pleading hands and faces. "Don Giuseppe, come at once, my mother is dying!" "My children have died." "Don Giuseppe! Don Giuseppe!"

His doctor and his sister Rosa and her friends in the village did their best to persuade Don Sarto to rest a little. "Even if you went back home for a visit it would help, or Venice, perhaps! You are sick, you need rest."

Don Sarto dismissed their pleas in a quiet voice. "You ask me to run away from the cholera and expose myself to the cholera of God? I have my duties here."



FROM Salzano Don Sarto was moved to Treviso. There he was made chancellor of the diocese and a monsignor. Many heavy tasks were forced upon him, and he took them all in his stride.

Pope Leo XIII noticed Don Sarto's wonderful work, and made him Bishop of Mantua, and finally Cardinal Patriarch of Venice. Don Sarto tried to refuse these honors but the Pope forced him to accept them.

That didn't change Don Sarto's ways. He still gave away everything, even the stone from his bishop's ring. He answered the door and shined his own shoes.

The Venetian people loved and revered him for his kindness and salty wisdom of speech. When Pope Leo died, the word went round Venice that Cardinal Sarto was going away. He got into his gondola to go to the station and found the Grand Canal black with boats and people. "Come back, come back to us," they shouted all the way to the station. Cardinal Sarto's eyes were full of tears. "I promise to return, dead or alive," he told the people.



AFTER the burial of Pope Leo, Cardinal Sarto went to the Vatican palace for the conclave that would elect the new Pope. During the conclave, Cardinal Sarto noticed the growing number of votes in his favor, begged the cardinals not to elect him. Many cardinals tried to persuade him to change his mind, but he said: "I am not worthy of the honor. Besides, I promised to return to my people dead or alive."

Cardinal Satolli answered, "You do well to say 'dead or alive.' If you refuse the papacy against the will of the college and the will of God, you will be like Jonas fleeing from the wrath of Jehovah. God may well punish you by allowing a terrible accident to take place on your way home, such as we often have nowadays on our railways. And if you are killed among a great number of people, you and you alone will be responsible for all the deaths, the injuries, and the bloodshed."

Cardinal Sarto struck his hands together in agony. "Don't say that," he said. "Please don't say that. You know I can't even bear the sight of blood." His face was suddenly bleak, his shoulders slumped in dejection. "I must accept the will of God!"



THE following morning Giuseppe Sarto was elected Pope by 50 votes, eight more than the number required. All night he had prayed for strength.

As he heard his name repeated over and over by the tellers seated at the green table at the front of the Sistine chapel, his whole frame trembled with emotion. At the conclusion of the count, he rose and prostrated himself before the papal altar.

Cardinal Oreglia approached him, "Do you accept your canonical election to the Supreme Pontificate?" Cardinal Sarto raised his head, and the cardinals heard his clear answer, "If this chalice cannot pass from me, the will of God be done: I accept."

Cardinal Oreglia signaled, and the canopies of the other cardinals were lowered. The Pope-elect took his place on the chair beneath the remaining canopy. Cardinal Oreglia approached and asked what name the Pope would take. The Pope-elect pondered for a moment. "In memory of the holy Pontiffs whose help I sorely need, and who in recent times heroically withstood the persecutions launched against the Church and themselves, I will take the name of Pius."



THE Pope-elect was escorted to the sacristy of the Sistine chapel. There he was invested with the white cassock and the *mozetta*, a scarlet cape edged with fur. On his finger, Cardinal Oreglia placed the Fisherman's ring.

The cardinals came forward in formal ranks, made the required genuflections, and offered their homage to the new successor of St. Peter. During the Pope's investiture, the final ballots had been burned in the little stove. This time no wet straw burned with them, and the puff of pure white smoke announced to the waiting throng in St. Peter's square that a new Pope had been elected. People milled about. Cameramen pushed their way through the square toward the balcony over the central door of St. Peter's. A tremendous, steady cheering shook the columns of the *loggia*.

Suddenly the large window above the portico of St. Peter's was opened. Cardinal Macchia appeared in the opening, surrounded by officials of the conclave. In a loud voice, he cried out, "I announce the joyful tidings that we have a Pope, the Most Eminent and Reverend Giuseppe Sarto, who has chosen the name of Pius the Tenth."



Pius X was one of the greatest Popes in the history of the Church. He reformed canon law and Church music. He fought modernism and freed from the clutches of the state the Church in France. Church government, the liturgy, Church life, and devotion—all were immeasurably helped by his interest. Once again religious instruction was reorganized, and the children of the Church were called to early Communion as they had been in the early ages of the Church.

Yet this Pope never forgot his simplicity. He was kindly and merry in his ways. Underneath the white cassock of the Pope he wore patched clothes, and he loved to make jokes about himself. Everyone who knew him loved him. He was particularly at home with the throngs of children who came to see him. They treated him like a kindly father.

On one occasion the Pope asked a question of a little boy. The child looked at the Holy Father with wide blue eyes. "Yes, Jesus!" he replied to the Pope's question. It was perhaps the greatest compliment the Pope ever received.



Pius X had long foretold the coming of the 1st World War. He used his influence everywhere, but the war drew closer in spite of all he could do and the long hours he spent in prayer before the tombs of Sts. Peter and Paul.

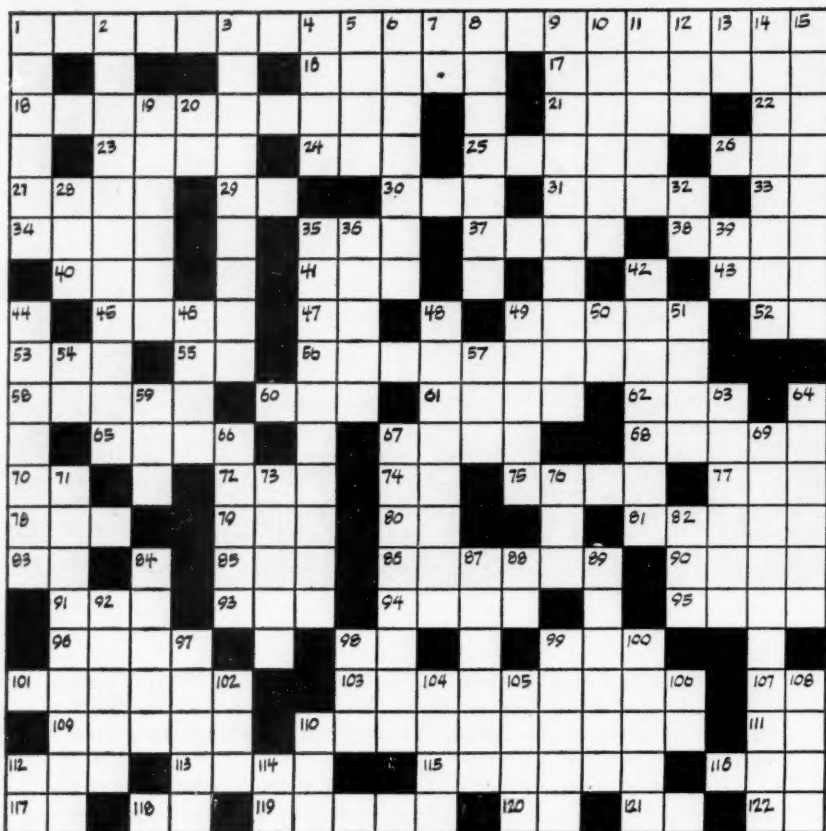
The Pope's prophecy of the exact year of the war's beginning came true. Ultimatums were issued, tremendous armies went into motion. The ambassador of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria came in full uniform to a formal audience with Pius X. He was surrounded by a group of bemedaled and monocled assistants, all of them in military uniform.

"Holy Father," he said, "thousands of Catholics will march in the armies of Austria and Germany. His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, has asked you to bless his armies in the struggle."

Pius X grasped the arms of his throne; his knuckles shone white, and his cheeks turned red. "I bless peace, not war," he said.

And that was the way he dismissed them. Within a few months, the Pope was dead. Sorrow and evil had broken the heart he offered for his people.

MARY MAZE



Answers will be published in October issue

ACROSS

1. Our Lady's prerogative, wherefore Wordsworth could hail her as "Our tainted nature's solitary boost."
16. English Socialist who sent Letters to Oliver Wendell Holmes.
17. "... Lay her i' th' earth, And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring!" Shakespeare.
18. French churches and cathedrals named after Mary.
21. Combining form meaning nose.
22. Maoris had not long settled it, when Dutch Tasman discovered it.
23. "Type of the wise who soar, but never roam; True to the kindred points of heaven and —."
24. "And all the kings of the earth drank—, But he drank wine."
25. One of the four classifications of fingerprints.
26. Filipino Negrito.
27. Behead a household of Roman gods to get one Greek god.
29. Abbreviated cleric.
30. Black bird failed him, white bird brought him hopeful news.
31. None sees this until it is electrified.
33. Courtesy title for adult male.
34. Anagram name for a filly whose hair is roan.
35. He wrote The Queen of Seven Swords and other beautiful Marian poems.

37. Scramble Peruvian metropolis for given name of Irish and Catholic fictioneer.
38. Opposite of aweather.
40. U.S. general (1818-1883) is anagram for unpleasant beetle.
41. Rubber tree.
43. "Go to the—, thou slug-gard!"
45. Scotch loch.
47. Group notably successful with alcoholics.
49. A blind man and Thomas Merton bathed in these waters.
52. Letters are anathema to organized labor.
53. Did this come before the hen?
55. Germ plasm.
56. Theologian of 1-across: he showed that Mary's sanctification was simultaneous with her conception, and that her redemption by Christ consisted precisely in this sanctification.
58. This Plus is a French Jesuit writer of spiritual books.
60. Man in habitual and uncritical agreement with his superior.
61. Australian mahogany tree.
62. Britain's famed military college at Sandhurst.
65. In Scotland you do this to your weird.
67. System of worship.
68. Holland table pottery, first made 1310.
70. Preposition.
72. Gross (abr.)
74. Horsepower.
75. Large number.
77. River in Africa.
78. Seventeenth Greek letter.
79. Anyone (colloquial).
80. Sloth in manana-land.
81. Its dooms reveal this Biblical city.
83. Concerning (L.)
85. Junior's food is a palindrome.
86. Our Lady's painter par excellence.
90. In Atri, as elsewhere, many girls are named after this medieval stigmatic, canonized 1900.
91. Spanish place name: 'spring' or 'geyser'.
93. —Ore: Good Friday service.
94. Former ruler took his name from Caesar.
95. Famous New Mexico pueblo, artists' colony.
96. Hardy heroine.
98. Is metallic element hesitant?
99. Old Testament (pl.)
101. After Mary, greatest saint in history, yet no words of his are anywhere recorded.
103. "She, wild web, wondrous robe,
Mantles the guilty globe,
Since God has let dispense
Her prayers His providence." Hopkins.
107. As above. (L.)
109. Malayan place name.
110. "Hark! she is call'd, the parting hour is come,
Take thy farewell, poor world! heav'n must goe home. . . .
While through the crystal orbes clearer than they
She climbs; and makes a far more milky way." Crashaw.
111. Low pressure.
112. Draver speaks Latin to the cattle.
113. Why maim a caliph?
115. Meet her beau at the isle in a flat-bottomed boat?
116. River (Spanish).
117. Saints (L.)
118. Canonized.
119. Hymn: Ave—Stella
120. Senor.
121. Christ, as abbreviated in catacomb inscriptions.
122. Atomic.

DOWN

1. This sea is a school of Greek philosophy.
2. Mary's greatest title, source of all her high prerogatives.
3. "Ave Maria!—
The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there." Walter Scott.
4. With mater, one's U.
5. Chinese weight, late monetary unit.
6. Perfume.
7. He unwittingly inspired Newman's Apologia.
8. Makes a profitable hole in one's real estate.
9. "Maria, men and Angels sing,
Maria, mother of our King,
Live, rosy princesse,
Live. And may the bright
Crown of a most incomparable light
Embrace thy radiant brows." Crashaw.
10. Syrian saint and exegete, poet of Mary, 4th century.
11. First name of distressingly erudite detective created by Willard Huntington Wright.
12. This should net you a number.
13. Promethium used to be abbreviated thus.
14. "For this—might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and given to the poor." Mark XIV, 5.
15. Where God became man in Mary's womb.
19. "I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung."
20. Printer's measure.
28. In Scripture, stock or tribe.
32. Sodium.
35. Miraculous image, impressed by our Lady herself on a peasant's tilma, is now a nation's shrine.
36. Short for the saint of Christmas.
39. Note of musical scale.
42. Where our Lady declared herself to be the 1-across.
44. Doctor Mellifluus, Last of the Fathers, composer of the *Memorare*, Our Lady's sweet singer from Clairvaux.
46. "... He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old—?'
For so he calls me."
Antony and Cleopatra.
48. Russia at this ancient and militant Catholic kingdom?
49. "... who hae wi' Wallace bled,
—, whom Bruce has often led. . . ." Burns.
50. Commissioned officer, rank below captain.
51. Given name of noted Catholic convert, once British ambassador to U.S.A.
54. Southern state, famous for peaches.

57. Star, king, god, note, coin.
59. Keats wrote a famous ode on this.
63. Latin name meaning lame, by-form used by Thornton Wilder in *The Ides of March*.
64. Reputed late for our Lady's burial, certainly late for our Lord's institution of the sacrament of Penance.
66. "That it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: 'Out of—have I called my son.' Math. II, 15.
67. Alfred Noyes considers Henry Adams' *Prayer to the Virgin of—* "perhaps the greatest poem in American literature."
69. Uproot Dali for the veneration we accord Mary's spouse, St. Joseph.
71. With this celebrated and much-controverted Greek title, the Council of Ephesus (431 A.D.) defined Mary to be 2-down.
73. Bellows.
76. Grant's great opponent.
82. Morsel left at a meal.
84. Minor prophet, 750-735 B.C., contemporary of Isaiah; his book is always put first of the 12 shorter prophecies.
87. Recent and revered apparition of our Lady to humanity.
88. 100 square meters.
89. Worship given to uncreated, infinite Being: opposite of 69-down, for instance.
92. Son of God and Child of Mary.
97. Yugoslavian city where Diocletian died sounds divisive.
98. Printer's measures.
99. Mammal with feet webbed and clawed.
100. Midwestern Indian, warlike, and of fine physique.
102. In his speech to the players, Hamlet excoriated this kind of actor.
104. Knights.
105. Abbreviated suite of rooms.
106. Christian.
108. "Of really the rarest-veined unraveller . . . Who fired France for Mary without—"
110. Influential group of doctors.
112. Scholastic degree.
114. In the morning.



Religious Education: 25 Years After

A COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY of Notre Dame's class of 1928 disclosed that her graduates of 25 years ago earn better incomes and enjoy a more stable family life than any other college alumni of their era.

Louis F. Buckley, Chicago economist who made the survey, said that 12% of the '28 alumni report that they are daily communicants, and that 24% say they receive the Sacraments weekly. Forty-seven per cent say the rosary with their families regularly and another 14% say the daily family rosary. More than half the class are active in parish affairs compared to about 16% among Catholic parishioners generally.

Buckley compared the results with *Time's* survey of 9,000 college graduates and with Harvard's survey of its class of 1926. Only .8% of the Notre Dame class are divorced, compared with 8% for all college graduates in the same age group. Ninety-one per cent of Notre Dame's class are married. More than half of them have three or more children.

The median annual income for the 1928 Notre Dame graduate is \$10,000, compared with \$6,152 for all college graduates. Forty per cent of the class earns from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year, while 33% earn between \$10,000 and \$20,000.

More than 17% of the class are engaged in manufacturing, with nearly as many in law. About 11% are in service organizations, and 9% have government jobs. Three men are in religious orders.

Thirty-nine per cent of the class said they were Democrats, though 65% said they voted for Eisenhower. Thirty-four per cent said they were Republicans, and 27% called themselves independents.

Because I rescued 27 persons in the North Sea flood

They Call Me a Hero

By AIRMAN 2/C REIS LEMING

As told to W. C. HEINZ

Condensed from *Argosy**

ON THE MORNING of Feb. 1, I woke up in a hospital bed to find that I was being called a hero. According to Air Force and civilian witnesses I had rescued 27 persons in the flooded town of Hunstanton, England, during the worst North sea storm in 250 years. This is the way it happened. I am an aerial gunner attached to the 67th Air Rescue squadron, stationed near the southeast coast of England. Our job is, primarily, to go out after survivors when a military or civilian aircraft goes down at sea.

On the evening of Saturday, Jan. 31, we were off duty. About 15 of us were sitting around the barracks, playing cards, talking, and writing letters.

Captain Viehman, the duty officer, called. He said the sea was

coming over the sea wall at Hunstanton, and they needed help. We volunteered.

When we got to Hunstanton, we started down Wisbeach road, and then the truck stopped. Water had flooded the road to our front wheels, a quarter of a mile inland.

We unhitched our A-3 boat, but we couldn't maneuver it. The wind slammed it against hedges on one side of the road or into submerged fences on the other.

I jumped into the water and grabbed the two lines of the boat, but even so I couldn't keep it straight.

I was chest-deep in water, the waves slapping my face, and I was doing no good. The wind still threw us from one side of the road to the other. Finally, as we got near Southbeach road, a gust drove the



*205 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. June, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Popular Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

boat into some submerged bushes, and the propeller fouled. I just left the gang in the boat, and walked up to dry land.

I got into a car to warm up, and somebody noticed that I was trembling. I was driven about two miles to an emergency hospital set up in the Sandringham ballroom.

I sat next to a radiator, and the people there brought me some hot tea, three shots of whisky, and sandwiches.

"Why don't you stay?" the people were asking. "They've got enough men there, and you've done enough already."

I couldn't figure out what I'd done, except to add to the confusion. I was disgusted, and about midnight I went back.

The same confusion prevailed. Two more A-3 boats were fouled up in fences and shrubbery. The wind was still howling and beating the water, and I still had no pattern of action in my mind. I climbed into a truck, put on a rubber exposure suit, and started wading.

I headed toward the sea wall, about three feet of it showing now that the tide had receded. Right near the corner I saw three Englishmen in trench coats and hip boots standing on a bit of higher ground.

"There are people in the houses along Southbeach road," one said. "We've seen flashlights. Why don't you get a boat?"

"I don't know this area," I said. "How deep is the water?"

"Not too deep," one of them said.

"How about that river over there?" I said, pointing to a stiff current.

"That's not a river," one of them said. "That's Southbeach road."

"The tide is starting to come in," another said. "It will be full about 6 A.M., and somebody must get these people out of here."

I thought of trying again with an A-3 boat, but when I got back to the high ground I was told that all the A-3 boats had fouled up. So I went into one of the trucks and pulled out a rubber life raft.

I tied 250 feet of nylon rope to the raft, and threw two blankets, two paddles, and a flashlight into it. Then I started down Wisbeach road again, pulling the raft behind me.

I was halfway down Wisbeach when suddenly the wind lifted the raft right up into the air. It fell back to the water upside down. I had a tough time righting it, but I made some progress by pushing it ahead of me. I finally reached Southbeach road, and turned left. Now I was in that fast current up to my chest, waves and spray in my face. I wasn't really frightened because I figured that as long as I had the raft I couldn't go down even if I did step in over my head.

I got to where I could see the first house. I started pushing the raft through a gateway in a high

hedge, and the next thing I knew I was under water. When I came up I found my footing and then I tied the loose end of the 250-foot nylon rope to the top of one of the wooden gateposts, and started in again.

Feeling my way along, still pushing the raft ahead of me, I finally reached the porch, which was sloping down, the front half under water. I could see a group on the porch. I shoved the raft at them, and hollered, "Grab it!"

They didn't hear, and the raft just took off like a kite. That 105-mile an hour wind just lifted the 115-pound raft and whipped it up and out over the road.

I had to feel my way out to the gatepost to find the rope, and now, without the raft, I was frightened. I figured that at every step I might go down.

I found the rope, and pulled the raft down out of the air. Then I pushed it back to the porch. This time the marooned people grabbed the raft. On the porch were six Britishers and three of our men, including Airman 1/C Jake Smith, of Memphis, Tenn.

We got the women and children onto the raft first, and then put in the rest of the Britishers. The three Americans got into the water with me. With four of us working, we got the loaded raft back up to the high ground.

After they all climbed out, I turned the raft around and started

back. I think now I was pretty foolish going alone, but I couldn't consider asking anyone else to go, and I'd made one trip all right.

This time, when I got back to Southbeach road, I went from house to house, yelling. At one point, in the middle of Southbeach road, a white auto trailer had been turned over on its side by the water. I opened one of the wooden shutters, and there inside in the darkness I could just make out the body of a man floating face down.

Just beyond the trailer I saw a light flickering in a window, and made my way to it with the raft. Seven children, six women, and two men were in the living room. They had a fire in the fireplace, as the floor was still above water, and had some coffee boiling.

"I've got a rubber raft outside," I told them, "I'll put the women and children in first and then the men, if there's room."

When they were all out on the porch we started loading. One of the women asked me if I thought I could do it. I told her I'd done it before. I managed to get the whole load in and started pushing.

The raft rode pretty low in the water, and waves were splashing into it. One of the kids started to cry.

"Don't cry," I told him. "This is fun, riding in a big balloon."

It took me the better part of an hour to get my passengers to high ground. Now, more people than

ever seemed to be there, walking around with lanterns and flashlights, among them a major.

"You won't be able to make another trip," the major told me. "About 300 yards down the road there's an A-3 boat grounded. Go down there and tell them to put on exposure suits and do what you've been doing."

"I don't like to tell them, sir," I said.

"Tell them I said they're to do it," the major said.

So I started out the third time. I don't know whether it was because I was getting fatigued or whether the wind was stronger, but the raft and I kept slamming from side to side against the hedges and fences that bordered the road. Finally I could see the A-3 boat with the men in it.

"Aw, heck," I said to myself. I just hated to ask them, so I kept on.

Once the wind forced me against a telephone pole, and I bumped something. An old man and an old woman, their arms wrapped around the pole, had drowned. I can still see the old man, bald and wearing a leather jacket, holding the old woman by one wrist, water breaking over them.

All of a sudden one of my feet caught, and I started to fall. I held onto the raft but my face went under. As I shoved with my other foot, that caught, too.

I panicked for the first time. Here I was in the dark, trapped,

with no one around. I righted myself. Then I reached down with my one free hand, and felt some wire around my feet. I finally freed myself.

Sometime later I was about to leave an empty house when I happened to look up. A woman's leg was sticking out over the eave. I hollered. Finally the woman heard me, and crawled down. A man joined her from the other side. I got the man to kick in the windowpanes and use the window as a ladder to climb down. They'd been clinging to the roof for hours, and he was too weak to go back for his wife. I had him hold the boat to the house while I climbed up and led her down.

When they were in the raft, I decided to check the last three or four houses. I found an army sergeant, his wife, their two children, and an Englishman and four or five of our men who had come down in an A-3 which was now fouled in the front yard. I got all but the A-3 crew into the boat. Our men said they wanted to stay with their boat; I took off.

I guess it was about three-quarters of a mile to the high ground, but Southbeach and up Wisbeach. It must have been about 4 A.M. when I started back on this last trip, and it took me about an hour and a half.

The wire that had trapped me had cut my exposure suit. It was full of water, and my three layers

of clothes were soaked and heavy. The water was rising, and at many places I had to walk on my toes to keep my face above water. I remember a dead cat floating up against me, and at other places I could see chairs and soggy bedding and other pieces of household equipment floating.

I was getting cramps in my legs, and every few steps I'd have to stop and massage myself. Then I could feel the cramps in my stomach and in my back, in my arms and my sides; I was cold all through my body. Now I was frightened and crying, and I started saying the Rosary out loud. "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. . . ."

Those in the raft didn't say a thing—I guess they were suffering from shock, too—and I thought I was going to die. I swore at myself for getting into this thing. I thought what a horrible place this was to die, in the darkness and cold water with the wind howling, and not knowing anybody.

Finally I could see the headlights on the high ground; by then I must have turned up into Wisbeach road. The people there couldn't see me, of course, and I knew I was going to pass out. I could feel it, and all I wanted to do was to get close enough for them to see me. I was starting to get hysterical.

I guess I was about 20 yards from high ground when I saw a yellow exposure suit. It was Jake

Smith, who came out with me in the first load. He saw me.

"Smith," I remember hollering. "My legs!"

He came into the water toward us. I was crying again now, and then he got up to us.

"Grab the boat!" I hollered, and when he did I shouted, "Help, my legs!"

When I came to, I was back in the Sandringham ballroom, on the floor, and there were people around me.

When I saw a priest kneeling beside me I was sure I was going to die. Someone had cut off my exposure suit and my clothes, and now I was wearing only a T-shirt, shorts, and a blanket. People were massaging my body and talking about me.

"Boy," I thought, "my hair must be a mess. I wish I had a comb."

"But his body's all black and blue," I heard someone say.

I managed to raise my hands and look at them, and they were black. I could feel somebody working on my lower body, but I couldn't move my legs. I figured then that they'd cut off my legs, and I was scared and I thought what a fool I'd been to do this thing.

Later I read that one doctor said that if I had been in the icy water another five minutes I might not have survived. As it was, they carried me into an ambulance and took me to the base hospital. I

slept for about 14 hours, and then they released me.

Queen Elizabeth asked to meet me, and said I had performed "an unbelievable feat of heroism." The British government presented me with the George medal, previously awarded to only three other Americans, none of them in peacetime. My superiors in the Air Force have put my name in for an American award, and I was flown home and hailed in New York, Washington, D.C., and my home town of Toppenish, Wash.

When I was a small boy I used to dream up situations where I'd be rescuing somebody from a fire or

from bandits, and at the end of these dreams I'd be a hero.

Apparently I've qualified, and yet it seems to me that many men would have done what I did. I just happened to be the one who put on the exposure suit. After I had it on, it was natural to go into the water. Once in, and being taller than most men, I found I could keep my head above water. When I realized that I was really in danger, it was too late. I had to keep going.

So they call me a hero, and I'll be honest about it. I'm not sure that I'd do it again, but I've enjoyed it since.

Auto Antics

PAUL JONES, of the National Safety council, reports that freak accidents continued as usual in 1952. Among the best:

A 1,300-pound cow landed kerplunk on the roof of the car of Mr. and Mrs. Milo R. Ewing of Denver last year as they were driving under an overpass. Casualties: one dead cow, one battered car.

Flier Joe Wardle, of Salt Lake City, was forced to make an emergency landing on a highway when his single engine died. He felt his wheels hit safely enough, but was astonished when his plane refused to stop rolling. Perplexed, he peeked out to find he had landed on top of a moving auto. The driver was surprised too. Nobody was hurt, little damage done.

In Atlantic City, 240-pound pedestrian Dominick Ianscoli merely laughed when an auto struck him. He shook hands cordially with the driver, and helped him push the car to a garage, where a mechanic estimated it would cost \$300 to fix the bashed-in radiator.

Trolley-motorman Albert J. Cooney, of Philadelphia, stopped his streetcar to turn in an alarm when he saw a house burning. Three minutes later he met the fire truck as it raced to the fire he had reported—met it head-on. Five firemen and three trolley riders were injured.

George Thomas, of Jeffersonville, Ind., was stalled on a railroad crossing when a train traveling 65 miles an hour sheared off the entire front of the auto as neat as a pin. It didn't do a thing to the car from the windshield back, and Mr. Thomas didn't even get a scratch.

Sparks (May '53).



*We need never go to war if we
maintain air supremacy*

Wings for Peace

By BRIG. GEN. BONNER FELLERS, U. S. Army, Ret.

Condensed from the book*

Here is an eloquent plea, by a veteran ground officer, for American air power. General Fellers participated in the African-desert campaigns of the 2nd World War. Later he served as General MacArthur's chief planner. The Hollandia invasion, in which no Americans were killed, but which broke the back of Japanese power in New Guinea, was his conception.

IF WE Americans are to survive a war with Russia, cold or hot, we must develop an entirely new strategy of defense. The aim of that strategy must be to 1. deter war, if possible; 2. win, if war cannot be avoided; 3. maintain our free economy and institutions; 4. meet our treaty obligations; and 5. conserve lives (on both sides).

Our old concept of war, in which our armed masses meet enemy armed masses, must be discarded immediately. Under the conditions we now face, mass combat will destroy us. Our present "containment" policy is to meet Soviet aggression with counter force, wherever it appears in the world. Yet the day has already arrived when

our armed forces lack strength to do the job. We do not have the men to handle even the satellite wars in Indo-China and Korea.

Yet the real enemy is Russia. We have no forces adequate to meet the Red threat anywhere along the 6,000-mile southern frontier of Russia, China, and Tibet. Our token forces in Europe would be quickly sacrificed if Russia should decide to move in that theater tomorrow. Even at home, we are ill-prepared to meet atomic air assaults.

There are those who claim that war can be won only by combat infantry, supported, of course, by our navy and air force. But even these people cannot assert that our army could invade Russia, defeat the Red army, and destroy Russia's ability to make war. Nor do they claim that our army or navy, or the two combined, could prevent the Red air force from destroying the war industry of Europe and America. Our army, therefore, is not a threat to Russia and cannot be considered a war deterrent.

Air power, however, with army and navy support, can penetrate

*Wings for Peace. Copyright 1953 by Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, Ill., and reprinted with permission. 248 pp. \$3.50.

Russia, destroy her war industry, and thereby deny her the ability to make war on us. Air power can destroy Russia's air bases and eventually the Red air force. This is the only true defense against destruction of America and Europe from the sky.

Air power is a very great threat to Russia and therefore a powerful war deterrent. Our desperate situation compels us to accept this new theory of warfare. Our potentialities in the air, using atomic and hydrogen bombs, are too revolutionary for most of us to comprehend.

American genius for industrial production has created weapons which shoot through space at supersonic speeds. At the end of this space journey, the weapons can deliver total destruction on any target in Russia. If we can keep similar punishment away from ourselves, peace can be assured.

It is the threat of certain punishment, not the policeman on his beat, that is the principal deterrent to crime. Just as there are not enough policemen in the world to watch every potential criminal, so there are not enough soldiers in the free world to establish a wall of men to contain the communist world. The weakness of our containment policy is that we are trying to surround something bigger than we are. A free population of 300 million cannot provide enough men, tanks, cannon, and rifles to

encircle the 800 million people in communist countries.

The best defense of Paris and Chicago is our ability instantly to destroy Moscow. It is this certain retaliation in the form of total destruction which is the true war deterrent, one the Russians can understand. If America achieves air supremacy, there will be no war.

This is no argument for a one-weapon defense plan. All three forces, ground, sea, and air, are essential. Each has its vital role. Sound strategy uses each arm of the service in its maximum power. But only air power can strike deep into Russia. Therefore, this arm must be forged into a striking weapon. And it must be used in its full strength, if the need arises. It must be numerically strong enough to sustain heavy losses and at the same time continue its massive strokes until the enemy's power to make war is broken.

Furthermore, only air power can defend America and Europe from air attack. The primary defense is to destroy the enemy air striking force on the ground, at its bases. The secondary defense is to shoot down enemy long-range bombers in flight with fighter planes. The area of the earth is so vast that it is most difficult to find an enemy plane once it becomes air-borne. A jet bomber flies ten miles a minute. It has a wide choice of routes and targets. The only sure way of stopping the enemy from hitting us

and our allies is to destroy the Red air force on its bases.

We do not now have an adequate strategic air force. We have not even decided to build it. And it will take three to five years to build it after we have made the decision. Building such a force must have first priority.

The second priority for our defense establishment is to create sufficient air defense for critical areas within the U.S. and for essential overseas bases. This includes interceptor fighters, antiaircraft batteries, and ground and sea defense for these areas.

The third priority in our new strategy is an adequate army and navy to support the air effort. Air power is no better than the bases which permit aircraft to become air-borne. The bases in turn are no better than the defense and supply facilities which make them safe and serviceable. In the new strategy, the army and navy must be integrated into the entire defense and supply system supporting the air-striking power.

The regular army should be used to defend overseas bases. The National Guard should take over anti-aircraft defense of critical areas within the U.S. Our navy must by all means maintain control of the seas and thus prevent invasion of America itself. Our fleet must have its own air arm. Ships without air cover are mere targets. The air arm is needed to guard the fleet

against air attack. Carriers and patrol bombers can also guard against submarines. There is comfort in the fact that we have a large fleet ready to fight. As long as we have a large navy, no great invasion can be launched against us.

Modern war is so complex that only truly great powers have the industrial capacity, skill, raw materials, and economic strength to carry the brunt of attack. Except for Great Britain, not one of our NATO allies has at present the resources to create modern military superiority. What weapons are we at present able to give our allies? Recently, the shah of Iran refused piston-engined planes we offered him. He wanted jets or nothing. Some allies in Western Europe are getting our newest jet planes. Spare parts will have to come from the U.S. Most of our allies are not industrially equipped to maintain the planes we send them, and that job will be up to us. Only superb maintenance keeps aircraft ready to fight.

The mobility and flexibility of air power, which permits rapid concentration of aircraft both for attack and defense, requires unity of command. If several of our NATO allies are each to have a small air force of its own, the Red air force can destroy the allied units one by one. We must have a centralized command structure.

We suffer from a shortage of man power among our armed

forces chiefly because our present strategy is aimed at meeting the Red army with ground troops. Let us achieve absolute air supremacy, develop with Britain adequate measures to meet the Red submarine threat, and prepare to defend our strategic bases, industrial and population centers, and other critical areas. Thus we shall be doing far better than we have been doing in our pathetic begging and bribing for allies.

Air forces are the least likely of all weapons to provoke war, since air power is unsuitable either for conquest or invasion. Our air strength could be largely concentrated at home, in Oklahoma, the Dakotas, and Texas, where it belongs. Air bases in the Arctic, the Azores, Africa, and the Pacific could be kept in readiness, with only a small proportion of our planes there at any one time. Air power is so mobile that in a matter of hours our planes could fly to overseas bases.

Properly applied, air power can actually save lives. If war should come, and we should attempt to hold the Red army on the battle-

fields of Europe, our losses would far exceed those of both world wars. The tragedy of such losses would be accentuated by the fact that ground fighting in Europe could not prevent atomic air assaults on both America and Europe.

On the other hand, if we avoid European ground combat, losses would be far lighter than those of previous wars. We have in Korea an example of the heavy toll land fighting takes. As of January, 1953, our army and marine casualties totaled 123,435. Air-force casualties were but 1,364. Yet air power has played a major role in Korea. No ground troops in history ever had so much air support. In view of the heavy destruction visited upon the Korean communists by our air force, casualties in the air force in comparison to those of the ground forces are exceedingly light. This one fact alone indicates that if the most modern weapons are placed in the hands of our fighting forces, American lives can be saved.

A strategy of air power conserves lives. It is the one most likely to deter war. If war comes, it will enable us to win.



Answers to Double Play on Page 8

1. burn: Tommy Byrne; 2. mixes: Eddie Miksis; 3. sour: Hank Sauer; 4. cane: Bob Cain; 5. bower: Hank Bauer; 6. growth: Johnny Groth; 7. rush: Bob Rush; 8. pesky: Johnny Pesky; 9. brown: Tommy Brown; 10. shay: Frank Shea.

What Do You Dream About?

It takes an expert to interpret your dreams, and you can't even remember all of them

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Condensed from "Your Health"*



EXACTLY what is a dream? What causes it? Does it mean anything? These are questions everyone asks. Since time immemorial, there have been many answers. They run from the pseudo-scientific to the wild imaginings of soothsayers.

But scientists have now pooled their efforts to study dreams. They have learned plenty!

Studies show that everybody dreams. Some of us think we don't, simply because we don't remember our dreams. Actually, and this may surprise you, we dream 24 hours a day. Our dream processes never stop. They function unceasingly from the hour we're born to the day we die.

When you say to someone, "I had a dream last night," you are saying that at some time during sleep your conscious mind had a keyhole peek into the realm of your unconscious. Dreams are remembered best if the sleeper is awakened while he is consciously dream-

ing. The longer you sleep after a dream impression, the less likely are you to remember it. In most cases, dreams fade from the conscious mind almost instantly, like wisps of smoke. If you wish to remember a dream, write it down the moment you awaken.

Scientists have even discovered how to "listen in" on a person's dream. A fantastically ingenious system of "wire-tapping" was developed by New York university's Prof. L. W. Max while he was engaged in studying the dreams of deaf mutes.

The principal organs of speech of deaf mutes are their fingers; Dr. Max discovered that while a deaf mute was dreaming his hands were never still: they kept up a succession of barely perceptible movements. Observers versed in sign language found that the subjects were giving a running account of their dreams through their fingers. For the first time, scientists were able to study the development and

*Suite 501-E, 270 Park Ave., New York City 17. Copyright 1953 by Your Health Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

the context of dreams at first hand.

Psychiatrists agree that they can learn more about a man's personality by studying his dreams than by observing the actions and attitudes of his waking hours. Authorities advise, however, against a person's trying to analyze his own dreams. Most dreams are fantastically complicated, and must be interpreted for us by experts before we can know their actual meaning. When we dream, we use symbols to express our unconscious thoughts.

A dream has significance only in relation to the dreamer. That is why a psychoanalyst must subject your personality to careful analysis before he can correctly interpret your dreams. Then each element in your dreams must be carefully related to your past experiences and subconscious associations.

Suppose Tom Smith dreams repeatedly of a red fire engine. It may mean that he is bored with his present surroundings, and craves stimulation and excitement, which to him is symbolized by the fire engine. If Tom's childhood home was gutted by a raging fire, the clanging fire engine may symbolize a fear of death, or personal insecurity.

Even skilled psychologists are powerless to probe the meaning of your dream unless you give the fullest cooperation.

More superstitions prevail regarding dreams than perhaps any other subject. Most are based on ancient

fortunetellers' lore, perpetuated in the form of dream dictionaries. Typical is the notion that to dream of teeth falling out means a relative will die; or that to dream of joy is to awake to sorrow. Dream books list clouds as meaning both good luck and bad, apparently attempting to give an "accurate" prognostication no matter what.

Night noises, cold feet, a sagging mattress, or digestive disturbances can cause dreams. Bedclothes slipping off may cause us to dream of a blizzard; a digestive disturbance may stimulate a dream in which we are set upon by assassins. This means that the unconscious mind is interpreting the disturbing bodily sensations. The nature of the dream is definitely affected by the state of the subconscious mind. In laboratory studies, when sleeping subjects have been made to dream by being subjected to heat or cold, no two dreams have ever turned out to be alike.

Prof. H. B. McGlade made a series of clinical experiments at Ohio State university. He found that there were at least a half-dozen foods which were almost sure-shot dream provokers. Tops on the list were cucumbers and all-bran.

A nightmare goes far beyond ordinary dreaming. Psychologists define the nightmare as a dream involving panic-stricken horror and agonizing dread, coupled with the conviction that one is powerless to move or escape. At the University

of Wisconsin, Prof. Hulsey Cason made an exhaustive study of nightmares. His findings, as well as those of other authorities, show the nightmare to be a manifestation of the most violent psychological upheaval imaginable. Caused by extreme conflict and inner frustration, psychiatrists regard it as the most significant type of dream, since it often has a marked after-effect.

Many nervous afflictions, including epilepsy, hysterical paralysis, and melancholia are direct results of repeated nightmares which have damaged the brain's cortex. Studies of leading authorities, including the famed Dr. Maurice Chideckel, report instances where actual death has resulted from frequent, severe nightmares.

Dr. Chideckel cites numerous instances. There is the case of one of his own patients who awoke from a nightmare screaming, "Oh, the flames! I can't move! The house is burning down!" and was dead a few seconds later. Nightmares, however, unless frequent and severe, seldom do the average person any appreciable harm. They can, nevertheless, be bad medicine. If you have them repeatedly, it's a good idea to check with a specialist.

Women dream more than men do. (Or, strictly speaking, they are more conscious of their dream life.) Better-educated people dream more

than others. Young persons dream much more than old people. As people approach old age, the door to their subconscious-dream storehouse seems to close tighter and tighter, and very old persons seldom remember having dreamed during their sleep.

A child's dream is not difficult to interpret, and in most cases may be quite easily understood. A child's dream, instead of being expressed in symbols, is generally direct. His personality integration is much better than an adult's. Just as he is likely to say what he thinks, he will dream just what he subconsciously feels, with no camouflage nor concealment. As he grows older, however, there is a gradual tendency to censor inner feelings, and when he's reached his late teens his dreams have become as difficult to unwind and decipher as an adult's.

In some instances an adult's dream may be expressed in such simple and direct form that it can be at least partially understood by the dreamer. This is particularly true of dreams that provide solutions to problems. Nevertheless, such cases are decided exceptions to the rule. Four hundred years ago, Montaigne shrewdly surmised what modern science confirms today: that "dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is an art required to sort and understand them."



Girls who act as proxies when the businessman isn't there

Courtesy Is Their Business

By M. JEANNE BAKER

Condensed from
*The Voice of St. Jude**

ONE of the biggest businesses in Washington, D. C., other than that of government, is the business of Courtesy. Astonishingly, it is little more than five years old. Jane Marilley had just graduated from Washington's Trinity college when in April, 1947, she opened a hole-in-the-wall office equipped with a single desk and a half-dozen telephones.

Jane and a friend, Margaret Abell, calling themselves Courtesy Associates, planned to help "keep the wheels of business and industry in motion" by being secretaries for people who weren't there. A telephone-answering service for businessmen absent from their own offices; an appointment-making service for visiting businessmen—these were the small courtesies the girls hoped to provide, for a fee.

Today, Courtesy Associates is really big business. It occupies an entire floor of the Walker building in the heart of the city's financial

district and employs 16 assistants to the Misses Marilley and Abell. It nets for its founders a yearly take of over five figures. Its richly appointed offices boast a specially constructed switchboard, a far cry from the original six phones. And the secretarial service has mushroomed into a we-can-do-everything-under-the-sun organization.

In the beginning, there was seldom a jangle from the phones. A few of the early calls inquired for date or escort service. This is one service Courtesy then refused and still refuses. Then the break came when two young men, George (No Relation) Truman and Clifford Evans, with whom Miss Marilley had taken flying lessons during her college days, asked for help. Minus capital, planes and equipment, the pair nevertheless were attempting a world flight in single-engine planes of Cub size, never before done. Although there would be no reward for their work unless the

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flight were successful, Jane and Margaret jumped to the job.

The two Misses Courtesy obtained planes, equipment, and supplies. They helped make the flight plan and arranged for visas for countries in which the fliers might be forced to land. They handled all public relations, and completely managed the business affairs of the flight, which began in August, 1947, and was successfully completed in December of the same year.

When Truman and Evans publicly acknowledged their debt to Courtesy, business boomed.

Today, the services of Courtesy are extensive and varied. Chief money winner, however, is its business service for more than 600 clients, among them butchers and beauticians, lawyers and lobbyists, meat packers and mechanics, manufacturers of everything from films to fire extinguishers. This is, as Courtesy explains, "more than just a telephone-answering service," although it is dominated by the huge switchboard at which a dozen Misses Courtesy operate from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. daily except Sunday.

This special Courtesy switchboard is the only one of its kind in Washington, and one of very few anywhere. It contains direct extensions of the telephones of all Courtesy clients. Thus a call to the Washington offices of Republic Steel, a client, will ring simultaneously in both places. If answered by the subscriber, the Courtesy exten-

sion is immediately cut off and cannot be cut back into the conversation. If not answered by the client, Courtesy goes into action. "Republic Steel," the Courtesy staffer answers, and continues exactly as if she were a secretary in the firm's offices which, to all intents and purposes, she is.

The Courtesy girls are completely familiar with the business and personal habits of all clients. Even though a client might be having a clandestine cocktail, his whereabouts is known to Courtesy in case of emergency. All such information is kept in strictest confidence.

In addition to this service, Courtesy is the Washington headquarters for many firms throughout the country which, although they do much business with the government, do not maintain Washington offices. Telephones for these concerns listed in the directory are a part of the all-encompassing Courtesy switchboard.

For other businessmen from all over the nation and from other lands Courtesy provides unseen secretaries. They make appointments well in advance of their clients' visits, cut through red tape, and generally save visitors several days. Recently, when Egypt was much in the news, a visiting Egyptian merchant came to Courtesy for aid when representatives of his own government failed.

Another remunerative Courtesy

service is that of arranging for conventions and celebrations. The girls have managed many conventions, including those of the American Roadbuilders' association, American Association of Nurserymen, and other national organizations. And they have arranged for many local outings, including those of the National Press club.

With the unification of the armed forces came the replacement of the annual Army-day and Navy-day celebrations with the single Armed Forces day. To insure against petty bickering and charges of showing partiality to a particular unit of the services, Uncle Sam turned over to Courtesy the work of setting up and managing the annual celebration. Each year since then, the girls have arranged for the celebration and its climaxing gala dinner, providing the speakers and entertainment, and making the seating arrangements.

"If Courtesy Associates could be placed in charge of the Department of Defense," said one Air Force general, "unification of the services would be an actuality."

Courtesy has arranged private wedding receptions, including one of the city's best remembered, a sumptuous affair for an attaché of the Netherlands embassy. It hires the domestics for the homes of a number of senators and representatives as well as for some of Washington's socially élite. It provides tutors for the families of foreign

diplomats and has frequently been called upon to give English-language instruction to the diplomats themselves.

It operates a baby-sitting service, with a register of experienced and competent sitters screened as effectively as the FBI might do. It has provided a vacation companion and swimming instructor for the children of a member of the President's cabinet.

It operates a ticket and travel service as well as a shopping service for busy housewives and working girls. It has managed to get tickets for Broadway sellouts; on one memorable occasion it supplied ducats for *South Pacific* for a prominent New York stage figure who came to Courtesy as a last resort.

Recently, Courtesy was called upon to provide a proxy bridegroom for the marriage ceremony of a GI in Korea to a Washington girl. The ceremony went off without a hitch, just another little courtesy in the work of the Associates who accomplish the unusual with the same imperturbability as they do the ordinary.

Courtesy has annually provided Army-Navy football tickets for the Chinese embassy. It makes arrangements for attendance at semiofficial functions for representatives of other embassies and has, on several occasions, been called upon by the Soviet embassy, the one agency which refused to cooperate with Courtesy when the girls were ar-

ranging for the Truman-Evans flight. Any request it receives from the USSR representatives it clears with the Department of State.

Such big businesses as General Electric, General Tire, Grace Lines, Bendix Aviation, Bostitch-Wilson, Atlantic Services, Graflex, Pittsburgh Glass, DuPont, and others, are clients of Courtesy services.

Fees vary with the services. The 600-odd clients of the secretarial service pay an average of \$15 monthly. Other services are based on expense incurred and number and time of the Associates involved. The smallest charge on Courtesy's books was a 65¢ fee for a quick and short baby-sitting task; the largest to date has been \$1,750 for arranging a convention. "We expect an adequate fee for services rendered," explains Miss Abell, "but we take pains never to overcharge."

No client has ever complained. None has ever stumped the girls, regardless of task imposed. Last year, one of Washington's popular radio personalities, a confirmed jest-

er, decided to put Courtesy to the test, as a gag.

He called Miss Marilley and asked that she procure for him a bottle of Philip the Second brandy which he had to have, within a few days' time limit, for a special purpose. No other brandy would do, he insisted. The task was accepted in good faith, but when inquiries to local, then Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York distributors and importers failed to unearth any such brandy, Jane suspected the worst.

Courtesy knows no such word as failure. Miss Marilley discovered that Philip the Second was a Cuban brandy made for island consumption only and not for export. She flew to Havana, purchased a bottle, and returned in time to deliver it before the deadline. Bill Herson, the radio star who had conceived the deal, good-naturedly paid the fee that brought him the special brandy, but he has never again attempted to rib Courtesy Associates.

» » « «

I think we can

AVOID WAR if: _____

the millions who saw and heard Bishop Sheen on May 6 heed his appeal that every American wire or write the President to set aside a day of atonement for our sins. I

wrote, and if multitudes of others do likewise we would succeed in this great effort for peace. In what finer way can we show our unity of purpose?

P. G. Little.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

A Reporter at Maryknoll

*Behind the new priests are their studies and psychiatric exams;
ahead of them lie adventure with the
possibility of martyrdom*

By AGNES BOURNEUF

A NEWS RELEASE listed the foreign-mission assignments of newly ordained Maryknoll priests, and I thought with a shiver of those young men taking the step that had led several of their members recently to imprisonment, torture, and death. Then I saw the easy grin of Father Peter Halligan looking out at me from a photograph, and I couldn't help smiling, too, wondering how they ever pinned him down to one place long enough to take his picture.

It was just a year ago that I met Peter. The news had been full of Red China atrocities, and as a reporter I wanted a little background on the missionary society that seemed to be taking the brunt of them. When I called the Maryknoll seminary in Ossining, N.Y., the priest who answered said the best day to see something going on would

be June 15, when the graduating class of 21 men would be leaving for the missions, besides 28 others going back after vacations. "We'll have quite a crowd," he said. "Better come early. Just ask for Public Relations."

The seminary is about two miles up a twisting road from the Ossining station. At one curve an opening in the trees disclosed a massive square stone tower on a misty height suggestive of Tibet. Any

impression of brooding isolation vanished, however, inside the grounds. Boys in flying black cassocks, carrying chairs, packing cases, signs, and bottles of spring water streamed out in all directions from a fieldstone building bright with curling green roofs and red pagodas. One of an exhilarated group directing traffic leaped to open the door of my taxi. "You're not



Father Duane's aunt, by any chance?"

He laughed apologetically as he escorted me up the steps. "I'm guestmaster for one of the departments, and he's got 27 relatives coming, and I don't know any of them from Adam."

In the lobby a little girl was solemnly spelling out some large gilt letters inlaid in the floor, *Pax Intransigentibus*. A seminarian at a desk was assembling kits of printed material. "Hello, you're early," he said, and handed me one.

I was studying the words of a song called *Farewell, Brothers, Farewell*, when a small, gray-haired priest introduced himself as Father Laidlaw. "That's rather interesting," he said. "The music was written by Gounod, when he was a seminarian for a while."

Father Laidlaw led me down a glass-bricked corridor. "The loss ratio for seminarians has always been high, you know. This class was 52 when it started. Well, they go home for vacation, and I suppose the world looks attractive."

IN his office he offered me a cigarette and lit it for me. "Now then. I suppose it's China you're interested in. Most of our men are out of there, but there are still a few not heard from, God help them." He sighed.

"China was our biggest field. Funny, Japan is one of the best now. And before the war I was

out there five years and baptized just two people, a little girl, and an old man who was dying.

"Oh, everyone was friendly. The children would be all over the house, using your typewriter, playing your violin. But the parents would listen politely and say, 'Very interesting,' and that was the end of it. Of course everything American is popular there now. We're strictly an American society, you know, American methods, democratic, elect the director by popular vote. Your first visit?"

I said it was, and asked how Maryknoll compared in size with, for instance, the Jesuits.

He laughed. "Don't let them hear that. We're insignificant. But they have a few hundred years on us. We've only been going 40 years, and it takes an average of nine years to train a man. Right now we have 520 priests and Brothers working in China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Formosa, the Philippines, Hawaii, Africa, Mexico, Guatemala, Bolivia, Peru, and Chile. That's spreading pretty thin. There are 700 in training, though, and last year we accepted 200 applicants. We have to turn down some. Good boys, but it takes a special temperament—good mixer, sense of humor, and so on. Then there are the Maryknoll Sisters—"

The door burst open. "Sorry, Father," a young priest said. "Reporter from the *Times*. Have you got the releases?"

After he'd gone, Father Laidlaw went on, "Most people don't realize how many Americans are in foreign missions. Last I heard there were about 5,000 Catholics, and twice that many Protestants."

I asked what kind of boys became missionaries.

"What kind of boys become missionaries? We use the word *missioners*. Sounds a bit livelier, don't you think?"

A knock came at the door, and Father Laidlaw said he'd be right along. "This place is a madhouse today. You'll do better talking to some of the boys. Let's see, I suppose you'd like a colorful type. How about a seminarian who used to be a New York traffic cop? Would that give you an angle?"

That sounded fine, I said.

THE lobby was filling up when we went back. The boy who was looking for the 27 Duanes eyed me hopefully, then grinned. "I've got eight of them." A student besieged with visitors was directing helpers. "Take Father Wroblesky's sister out to their reception station. This side of the greenhouse. The taxi's gone for the Donovans. Has that car from Alberta come yet?"

"Joe," Father Laidlaw interrupted, "you're not doing anything, are you? How about finding Peter Halligan?"

Joe laughed. "Not a thing, Father." He tried to find a chair for me, but I said I'd just look around,

and followed some strolling visitors down a wide corridor. A bulletin board listed "Departure Day Assignments," from Acolytes to Interior Decorators, Messengers, and Baggage. Another list, outside the chapel, was headed "Intentions we are asked to pray for," with the items, "Recovery of health, 57; Peace of family, 9; Vocations, 24; Safety of serviceman, 6; Conversion of husband, 1; Temporal needs, 38."

A very young-looking blond student stopped to ask if I was taken care of. When I said I was waiting for Peter Halligan he looked concerned. "Does he know you're here? I think I saw him heading toward the farm. We could walk out and look for him. I'm Bob Blake. I have to keep an eye on the water coolers anyway."

As we went off I asked, for something to say, if they always remembered to pray for those intentions. His eyes opened wide. "This place is strictly on the level."

In the corridor we were behind a large family, each trying to get close to the young priest in the center. A student, apparently their guestmaster, asked a small boy how many there were in the family. "Ten lovely children," the boy said.

Two girls were looking through the windows at stacked wooden cases, with a crated bicycle, an accordion, and a fishing rod beside them. One said, "Mike got six holy-water sprinklers. Did you see the

exercise machine he's taking? One of those pull-apart things. No one else could budge it, but Mike—"

She demonstrated, and some students hurrying the other way laughed appreciatively. She looked after them. "Why they have to take all the good-looking ones?" Her friend nodded in glum agreement. "The teeth on 'em!"

Outside, a green-and-yellow station wagon filled with chattering nuns swept up, followed by two large busloads of Negroes in holiday mood. "They come up every year," Bob said. "I guess they just like it."

One girl, in vague deference to the ecclesiastical atmosphere, put a handkerchief on her head. Another said "Hi" to Bob, and her mother came up cackling, "Is that any way to talk to a li'l min'ster?" The other students smiled.

A fat woman in green satin, with children and bundles, said, "Where do we eat, Brother?" Bob hesitated. "Oh, we got it," the woman said. "But where do we eat it?" Someone took the bundles and found them a picnic spot in the shade, and Bob moved a water cooler handy.

The grounds were dotted now with family groups, each with its circle of chairs. Some relatives sat silent, while others tried to talk about ordinary things, like the traffic on the pike. The departants, looking a little bewildered, posed for pictures with first one and then

another. One was photographed blessing his kneeling mother.

A woman sobbed, and Bob looked away. "Of course they're not really leaving now, but it's getting close. They'll have six weeks' vacation at home first. The mission term is seven years, then a year at home, and back again. The thing is, some of the mothers are quite old."

He stopped to shake hands with a marine coming in. "How's it going?"

"Swell," the marine said. "Good job in the payroll office. I.B.M. machines."

"Good. That's swell."

There was a slightly awkward pause before the marine said, "Well, I'll be seeing you."

"He was in my class," Bob said after he'd gone. "Dropped out last year. What's an I.B.M.?"

SOMEONE said they had seen Peter Halligan near the tennis courts, but by the time we got there he was reported heading for the *Field Afar* office, so we kept on walking. "This priest coming along now," Bob said, "was caught in China in both wars. He's studying journalism now at Yale." He introduced Monsignor Romaniello, a short, jovial man in a black silk Chinese gown with tan trousers showing below. He had a round yellow face, and bowed before he shook hands. I said it must be good to be back.

"Oh, I'm having a wonderful

time," he said. "What do you think I did last night? I was driving some Chinese visitors to the station, and I said, 'Where are you going?' and they said, 'Yonkers,' so I drove them to Yonkers. We pull up in front of a Chinese laundry, and five men in there make a big fuss over me and want me to stay, and we end up having a banquet. I had a wonderful time."

Afterward I asked Bob if any Maryknoll men had been killed in China. That was before the deaths of Bishop Ford and Bishop Byrne had been reported.

"There were two killed by bandits before all this started," he said, "and three we haven't heard from for a year and a half. The monsignor there was kicked around plenty. And that old priest, the one who's talking all the time and slapping everyone on the back, he was in solitary confinement for five months. Father Joyce—he was taking care of lepers—was up before a firing squad, but they let him go. So far there haven't been any technical martyrs, men who died for the faith, that we know of." He looked almost wistful. "They say you're not supposed to be a martyr if you can help it."

I said I often wondered how boys made up their minds to become missionaries.

He hesitated. "The idea is that some are like St. Paul, sort of struck by lightning; and some like St. John, more or less born that

way; and the rest, like St. Peter, have their ups and downs. I guess I'm like St. Peter, in that way. I really don't know when the idea first hit me. I know in my high-school yearbook, where it says 'Ambition,' I was thinking of it then. Know what I put down? 'Foreign service.'"

HE brightened as we came to the farm. "I like farming. On a natural plane, that's one of the things I like best. We're raising our own beef now, registered Black Angus that we bought from some Vanderbilt. You shoot them right here, an inch above the right eye."

I asked what they had for entertainment.

"Things like movies. This year we had *Oliver Twist*, *Captain Hornblower*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, and *Detective Story*. I liked *Detective Story* best. And we have *gaudeamuses*. Deacons' Night we put on skits for the fellows that are leaving. That day we do all their chores for them, wait on them hand and foot. The last class raised money for a television set, but we have to wait for the rector to soften up. All kinds of sports. Except no football—too much chance of injury.

"Of course there's a long vacation at home. It's funny about vacations, though. Your friends sort of drop off. You wouldn't want to go to dances, on account of the temptations, but as a matter of fact you

don't get invited. And then we're not supposed to go into a drinking establishment, although a glass of beer at home is O.K. I've still got five more years to go. But it goes by very quickly. At least," he grinned, "that's what the Reverend Fathers tell us. I don't mind if I can just make the grade. Next year is the big test, the novitiate."

"What happens then?" I asked.

"It isn't so much what happens. It's spiritual training, a lot of silence and time for prayer. Every month you imitate a different saint. Not much studying, but a lot of manual labor. You learn to cook, for instance, and enough sewing to do your own mending. You learn to drive a car if you don't know how, and sometimes they have riding lessons."

"It's a sort of decisive year, though. You have physical and psychiatric examinations at the beginning and again at the end, besides all kinds of other tests of any weak points in your personality."

He looked straight at me, and there was a faintly worried look on his face. "Would you say I had a sense of humor?"

I said I thought he had plenty.

AT THE top of a distant rise we came upon a tall seminarian reading his breviary. "How are you coming?" Bob asked, and introduced Frank Cusack. Frank said he thought Peter Halligan was on kitchen duty, and he decided to

walk to the main building with us.

"Frank's a subdeacon," Bob said. "One more year. Took his oaths yesterday, celibacy and saying the Office."

"I'm having more trouble with the Office right now," Frank said. "Still on Matins."

Bob fingered Frank's cassock. "Nylon?"

"Celanese. Seventeen-fifty."

Frank was leaving in the afternoon for a month in a Boston hospital. "Accident ward," he said. "Supposed to harden us up. We're very sheltered."

"It's really so they can do dispensary work in the missions," Bob said. "Frank can tell you all about the upper reaches of missiology. Or at least he'll be able to in a few months."

Frank saw my puzzled look. "Missiology is just the accumulated experience of earlier missionaries. The temper of the people, and so on."

"You learn how to choose and train catechists, lay people that help with the teaching. It's a paid job. You couldn't get along without them in China, or in Africa either. They help you with the language, steer you right on taboos, and help you cover more territory."

"They prepare the people up to a certain point, and then you invite them to live in the mission for a few weeks or months of concentrated study. That's a catechuminate. There's usually another cate-

chumenate at the end, just before Baptism."

I asked how long the whole process usually took.

"In Africa," Frank said, "it may be as much as five years before you're sure enough of their stability to baptize them. I read where they had trouble with competition in one village. Some sect or other was offering to baptize anyone on the spot at five shillings a head. A Chinese farmer might take only six months to two years, because you're starting from a civilization. An educated Japanese or Chinese could go through it, with daily instruction, maybe in three months. Privately, I feel that I'm headed for Japan."

"He doesn't have the slightest idea where he's going," Bob said, "any more than I do. I'm putting him down for Promotion."

Frank groaned.

Every year, Bob explained, they hold out a couple of the best students to go around this country talking in churches and schools. "They're the only assignments you can come near guessing on the sweepstakes. Oh, don't you know about that? It's a pool the fellows have every year, guessing the assignments. Nobody knows until a month before they leave, when they read them out in the refectory."

I said a month wasn't much time to learn a new language.

"That's the trouble," Frank said. "Have to learn it all in the field.

There's a difference of opinion. Some think the assignments ought to be given out earlier, so a man could concentrate on one country. On the other hand, what if we'd had men for the last four years studying China—language, history, sociology? All wasted. You never know where persecution will break out. Bolivia could go communist, or the Philippines. Or it could be the U.S. I'm picking up a few words of Japanese, though."

"You're wasting your time," Bob said.

"Can't you see me in a great Japanese university?" Frank said. "Discussing existentialism, astounding the doctors? Japan it is, *Deo volente et adjuvante*. I say this," he turned to me, "because you are a scholar."

The next minute he was serious. "As a matter of fact, not 20 people in a thousand are ever converted by intellectual argument. You remember St. Paul and the Athenians: when he saw their altar to the unknown God, and he took it right up and said he'd come to tell them about the unknown God?"

"Sounds pretty good," Bob said.

"Miserable failure. Revised his methods after that. It's only after being attracted in some way, by personal goodness, that people will listen. Christ Himself healed the sick and fed the hungry before He did most of His teaching. We've got to learn more about agriculture, about cooperatives, about med-

icine. We ought to have more hospitals. The Protestants are ahead of us there. They've taken care of many a sick Catholic missionary."

I SAID it must cost a lot to maintain the missionaries and run the seminaries.

"There's a tuition charge in the first years of the seminary, \$425 a year if your family can afford it, but if you can't pay they take you just the same. The last five years the Society takes care of all expenses, and, of course, from then on.

"Most of the money for the missionaries in the field comes from sponsors. The idea is that it costs \$1 a day to support a missionary. It's more than that now, but \$1 is simpler. A sponsor decides to support a missionary for a day a month, or three days or whatever, and every month he gets a reminder, with a stamped return envelope.

"Then there's that magazine you have there, the *Field Afar*. A dollar a year, and it has a circulation, I hear, of over a quarter of a million. Did you look at it at all? You might say it features the lighter side of mission life. Well, I suppose a picture of a cute Chinese youngster, or a missionary on horseback, does attract more people than leprosy."

We were getting back to the main building, and the crowd was thicker than ever. "Maryknollers don't take the oath of poverty,"

Frank went on. "If a man had any money he could take it with him, although he'd probably give it away the first year. But it's pretty academic, because not many have."

"Doc used to drive a Cadillac before he entered," Bob said.

"Oh, it happens occasionally," Frank said. "A man ordained last year, his father was vice president of Monsanto Chemical, but they're the exception. My father's a bricklayer."

He put out his hands for a pass from a small boy playing with a football. "I'll bet you're going to Notre Dame," he said.

The boy shook his head. "I'm coming here."

Frank leaned down to shake his hand. "Let me welcome you."

They said it must be time for the visitors' lunch, and they'd see me later. The lobby was jammed tight. I heard the student at the information desk ask someone to take his place. "It's hopeless," he said. "Just tell them you don't know where whoever they want is."

Hemmed in by a bottleneck on the way to the refectory, I glanced at some books on a wall counter, with such titles as *Pacific Hopscotch*, *The Long Road to Lo-Ting*, *New Dawn in Japan*. One volume was described as a handbook for missionaries. The page I turned to read, "What is the obligation of a convert husband who has sold his wife and finds himself financially unable to buy her back?" The an-

swer was pretty involved. Another problem started, "Brutus, a poor Chinese, was married to Rosa, and later had an opportunity to marry Lucretia." Unfortunately the bottleneck dissolved then and I had to move on.

A LONG buffet table was lined with boys in aprons over their cassocks. Bob was presiding at the chicken salad. "Have some more," he said. "Have some pickles. How about potato chips?"

I ate with two families of departants, including a baby in a high chair. The mothers passed snapshots around. An older man said to another, "So I said to him, 'Well, Bill, if you're sure it's what you want to do.' " He stopped, and his chin trembled. A guestmaster was saying, "Yucatan is one of the best spots. Bill's lucky to be going to Yucatan. It's a wonderful country."

Bob was waiting afterward to find me a place in the shade for the departure ceremony. "It's pretty hot, and some of those bishops talk a long time. I told Pete Halligan you were looking for him, by the way."

"What did he say?"

"Well, actually, what he said was, 'What's so interesting about me?' But he'll be along."

In an open-end courtyard formed by two ells of the building, folding wooden chairs fanned out in long lines. Bob said he had heard that there were 6,000 of them, and they

were half filled already. An altar with a red-satin canopy was arranged against the inner wall. Someone was testing the public-address system.

"Honestly, this place is going nuts," Bob said. He recommended a chair under a tree at the end of one of the ells. Behind me, out of sight of the congregation, a Good Humor truck was drawn up, and beside it the local fire department, complete with apparatus. Bob went off and came back with a bottle of 7-Up for me, just as a strange metallic report sounded from the other direction.

Two seminarians with mallets were striking a huge bronze bell that hung from an oriental frame. It was a slow, but urgent, rhythm that made visitors quicken their steps.

"The great disappointment of my seminary life," Bob said. "All my life I'd seen pictures of that Buddhist temple bell in the *Field Afar*—and to find that it sounded like a cracked frying pan. Well, I've got to go now. Do you have enough cigarettes and everything?"

LATE arrivals looked up anxiously at the lowering sky, which looked as though it might thunder. When the bell stopped tolling, a line of seminarians in white surplices filed in near the altar, singing. The loudspeaker said it was *Farewell, Brothers, Farewell*. Behind them came the departants in plain black cas-

socks, and behind them other priests and what looked like innumerable bishops.

When the name of Bishop Fulton Sheen came over the speaker, people stood on chairs to see. The talks were mostly about the courage shown by Maryknoll men in China, but I missed a good deal because a little girl beside me was talking to her mother about dancing lessons.

The heat was getting unbearable. People made fans of their hats. A woman in front of me took off her shoes. Children got restless and had to be carried out. After the talks, each departant went up for his formal assignment, while a movie camera ground away from a balcony, and amateur photographers crawled out on ledges for better shots.

It must have been, from the raised colonnade reserved for the immediate families, a beautiful ceremony. My poor view was partly made up for by an occasional breath of air, and I was one of the first ones away at the end. Around the corner of the building a man at a cold-drink stand was calling, "Step lively, please. Have your change ready."

Everyone waited outside the front door for the departants to leave. They came down the steps in traveling suits and straw hats, followed by students with suitcases, typewriters, and brief cases, and got into cars with their families. The

director shook hands warmly, and said, "God bless you," to each in turn, while the cameras clicked.

Monsignor Romaniello, who was beside me, shook his head. "It's not the way it used to be. When I left we'd march down the steps singing and right onto the boat for China. They've taken all the drama out of it. Excuse me, some friends."

He went up to a family whose eyes were red and hats awry. "Doesn't Mike look fine? He's in wonderful shape. He'll be fine over there. They'll like him. I'll be up to see you in Boston. Nantasket? Well then, I'll bring my bathing suit."

Buses began pulling up for passengers, and I went inside to call a taxi. It was like a house after a wedding, with everyone exhausted but still keyed up. A few leftover guests wilted in chairs. A small unclaimed boy was jumping up and down, and a seminarian said, "Hey, George, you're losing your pants," and fixed his suspenders. A straggling departant came through, and an old priest said, "I didn't get your blessing, Ed," and knelt.

Someone said my taxi was waiting. Outside, a tall, pink-cheeked seminarian with a crooked smile came up to me. "I'm Pete Halligan." Just then Father Laidlaw came along and said, "I've been trying to get back, but I see Pete has been taking care of you. Where was it you directed traffic, Pete?"

"Fifty-seventh and Lex," Pete

said. "You know where the Queensboro bridge goes off, just below Bloomingdale's?" He shepherded us expertly out of the road. A priest in an old car was being pushed by some students obviously skeptical of his ability at the controls.

I said this must be quite a change.

"Well, it's quieter," Pete said. At that point the motor exploded with a roar, and the car narrowly missed a boy scooting by on a bicycle with siren screaming. "Or is it?"

Today's newspaper says, "Father Peter Halligan, assigned to Peru." The reporters will have a hard time

catching up with him there. Father Edward Baskerville—that's "Doc," the one who used to drive a Cadillac—is going to Africa. And Frank Cusack is headed for Japan after all, God bless him.

I remember that as we drove out of the seminary grounds we passed Bob Blake lugging a water cooler, and he waved to me with his free hand. There was an earnestly humorous smile on his face. It occurred to me then that saints might be made up of more familiar and more endearing qualities than I had previously supposed.

~~~~~ *Quick Comeback*

ON HIS way to the train Albert met his bishop. "What's your hurry?" asked the bishop. "There's plenty of time."

Albert told him he was trying to make the 10.20.

"That's what I thought. I am taking that one too. We have 20 minutes. Why not walk?" replied the bishop.

But when they arrived at the station they found that the 10.20 had departed. It turned out that the bishop's watch was 15 minutes slow.

"Do you know, Albert, I had the greatest faith in that watch," remarked the bishop, comparing it with the station clock.

Albert smiled knowingly, and said, "Of what use is faith without good works?"

Lester Kroepel.

DURING a visit to London, Mark Twain was invited by a group of solemn literary men to attend a banquet. When the party got under way, one of the more learned critics introduced the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and asked Mark Twain for his opinion.

"I haven't given the matter much thought," confessed Twain.

"Surely, Mr. Clemens, you must have some theory on the subject."

"I guess I'll wait until I get to heaven and ask Shakespeare who did write his plays."

"I don't think, Mr. Clemens, you will find Shakespeare in heaven," said the urbane critic.

"Then you ask him," snapped the testy Twain.

Emery Young.

Truth Can Win the Cold War

It's the best weapon to fight the Big Lie

By EDWARD W. BARRETT

Condensed from "Truth Is Our Weapon"*

Mr. Barrett is a former assistant secretary of state. He can claim the distinction of having been repeatedly singled out by Radio Moscow and Pravda, government-sponsored Russian newspaper, for bitter personal attack. He set up our government's world-wide news service during the last war, served as a top executive in Eisenhower's Psychological Warfare branch, and later was director of the international operations of the Office of War Information. As the cold war grew hotter in 1950, he was called back from the Newsweek editorial staff to become an assistant secretary of state and direct our government's "campaign of truth." He resigned from public service in 1952.

THIS COLD WAR is a dirty business. We can't be too squeamish about always sticking to the truth." The speaker was a distinguished American publisher. He was addressing an audience of about 2,000 people during a panel discussion, in 1951. As a panel member, I objected strenuously. I argued that truth alone should be America's weapon in official propaganda. The typical American audience agreed overwhelmingly.

Those of us who argue for the truth are not motivated solely by ethics. We are convinced that not only is truth the moral course, it is also the cold, practical, effective course.

When Gen. Vinegar Joe Stillwell came out of Burma in 1943, he announced bluntly, "We took a terrific beating." Over much opposition, the OWI's Voice of America broadcast Stillwell's frank admission to the world, even to the Axis countries. When the war was over, we learned that this had been a happy decision. Germans, Italians, and Japanese testified that they first came to believe the Voice of America when they heard General Stillwell's announcement. "We felt that if Americans made such frank admissions to the whole world," said one, "they must be telling the truth."

Democracies have always been poor liars. Because they must always operate in a goldfish bowl, they can seldom get away with untruths. Totalitarian states have proved more successful at lying, in the short run. The Big Lie will be

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believed, said Hitler, if it is repeated often enough. Yet even the oft-repeated Big Lie can backfire. That happened when war broke out in Korea.

North Korean forces invaded South Korea in June, 1950. Russia and her satellites launched a great campaign to convince the world that the U.S. had started the war. This time, however, the facts were too strong for them.

A United Nations commission was in Korea at the time of the outbreak. It had an Indian as chairman, and representatives of six other nations, none of whom was an American. The commission officially reported that the North Korean communists had launched the offensive. As the full facts were revealed before the UN, one after another of the neutrals became convinced. The UN reports and speeches appeared in the press everywhere outside the Soviet-dominated areas. Radio carried it beyond the iron curtain. Fifty-three nations from Norway to India agreed that communists had started the trouble. Even the most slavish swallows of Kremlin propaganda began to have doubts. Samplings of opinion in a dozen countries showed that the Kremlin had gone too far. Doubts about all communist propaganda were raised in minds that had never doubted before.

False propaganda has boomeranged on totalitarian states in other ways. In 1941 and 1942, German

propaganda invented sensational reports of German U-boat victories in the Atlantic to make up for Nazi reverses in Russia. The reports ultimately found their way back into the Nazi bureaucracy. Postwar study of German intelligence reports indicate that in November, 1942, the German high command was convinced that the Allies lacked the necessary shipping to land an army in North Africa. Our invasion was successful because the Germans had been fooled by their own propaganda!

Today, Soviet propaganda about the economic weakness of the U.S. and the imminent collapse of capitalism has fooled no one as much as the men in the Kremlin. Following Stalin's lead, Malenkov and his associates make statements about the weakness of American capitalism. Soviet newsmen in America go in search of items which will please the bosses back home. They cable them back to Moscow, and the Kremlin becomes convinced that it is right because of the flow of "new evidence."

One of the most ingenious bits of Soviet chicanery in recent years is the so-called "peace offensive." The Kremlin propagandists cynically hit upon "peace" as their most powerful argument, whether justified or not. Their aim was to undermine popular support for the rearming of free nations. Undeterred by facts, they labeled American, British, and French leaders as war-

mongers. They made Picasso's dove their emblem in many countries. They got both communists and innocents by the millions to sign "peace petitions" calling on all peoples to demand the "outlawing of atomic weapons." The petition was a great fraud, for Russia had already blocked the UN's atomic-control plan, supported by 48 nations. Yet the communists claimed 600 million signatures for their petition.

International communist gatherings, where imperialism masqueraded as anti-imperialism, were labeled peace congresses. By public-opinion sampling, the U.S. found that millions of people in Western Europe and lesser numbers in Asia and Africa were beginning to swallow the "peace" line. The communists wished peace, the Western nations were aiming for war, those millions thought.

The Soviet campaign was a tough one to combat. True, most Americans knew that "the best way to avoid war today is to prepare for war," as our State department bluntly put it. But all this was less readily understood by coolies in Asian rice paddies, peasants in French fields, or workers in Italian factories.

In the free world's counteroffensive, serious argument, humor, and irony all played a part. Jean Paul David's *Paix et Liberté* (Peace and Liberty) movement, by which Picasso's dove was represented as a

carefully disguised tank, "The Dove That Goes Boom," helped turn the tide of opinion in France. Later the U.S. Information service reproduced the cartoon for pamphlets, newspapers, and handbills which reached nearly every corner of the world. Editor after editor began to refer to "the Soviet's phony peace campaign."

The U.S., British, and French governments persuaded hundreds of prominent citizens that they had been duped into signing the original peace appeal. When they renounced the appeal, Allied information services joined in publicizing the renunciations. The communists' own moves in Korea greatly assisted the Allied efforts to show up the phony "peace" movement.

Soon after Stalin's death, the Kremlin elaborately demonstrated that it still valued "peace" as a propaganda device. While Malenkov was obviously bargaining with Beria and others to consolidate power on the home front, he started to make a series of "friendly" gestures to the West. The Soviet rulers again talked of "peace," and they began inviting a few visitors into the Soviet Union.

There will be other peaceful but empty gestures from Moscow. There will be "peace-loving" answers to questions submitted by Western newspaper correspondents. If the Western democracies are alert, however, the Kremlin should never again deceive us.

Be Your Own Banker

*God helps those who help themselves—
and each other*

By ROBERT HOYT

Condensed from the *Voice of St. Jude**



JOE BARNES, a mechanic on a production line, was not doing too well. Three times his foreman had reported him for flubbing up in one way or another. But the foreman knew that Joe was neither stupid nor clumsy, and had an inkling that the real source of the trouble was financial worry. He mentioned the matter to the factory credit-union treasurer.

The treasurer got Joe into the credit-union office and got the story, a horrendous tale. Joe was \$1,500 in hock. The strain had been too much for his wife. She was in a rest home trying to recuperate from a nervous breakdown. The children had been placed in foster homes. With his credit absolutely shot, Joe was at the bottom of a deep black hole. Situations like these have a very direct influence on the suicide rate.

The treasurer took the story to the credit committee, whose three members drew a collective deep breath and plunged. State law re-

quired that security be demanded for all credit-union loans over \$300, but it didn't define *security*. So the credit union lent Joe \$1,500 on his sofa.

Within six months Joe was recommended for promotion (by the same foreman) and was transferred to the sales department. At year's end he had earned the company's biggest bonus. But even before that he had completely paid off his loan and had become a systematic saver. And his wife and children were back with him.

Bob Dolan, field representative of the Michigan Credit Union league, tells this yarn often. He points out that the story has other values besides giving you a happy glow; it reveals the major objectives of credit-union work.

In the first place, the credit-union treasurer persuaded Joe to figure out exactly where he stood. It made him see that if he had taken inventory earlier he would never have gotten into such a prize mess. The

*221 W. Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill. July, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Claretian Missionary Fathers, and reprinted with permission.

commercial agencies had no interest in educating him as long as his ignorance paid off for them. Since profits and dividends are definitely secondary goals for good credit unions, they try to see to it that their members get such education without having to go through an experience like Joe's.

Secondly, the story points up the fact that the credit union lived up to its name by giving credit where, by commercial standards, no credit was due. Obviously the sofa that was labeled *security* was used only to satisfy a legal technicality. The loan was made on character. Despite appearances to the contrary, the credit committee rated Joe Barnes a good risk. It is no criticism of commercial lenders to point out that they could not make such loans. They are possible to a credit union only because its members know more facts about one another than any questionnaire could dredge up.

And finally, the credit union taught Joe the profound truth that the only way to save is to go ahead and save.

In this particular case, Dolan adds, the borrower wasn't the only one who got some education. The decision on the Barnes loan was a crucial one for the credit union, and its successful outcome convinced the officers that they had been right to act according to credit-union principles. Dolan attributes the present flourishing condition of the factory

credit union to this one episode.

Dolan's first actual contact with a real live credit union came after he was discharged from the service. He had just married, and he needed a refrigerator. Bob applied for a loan from his parish credit union, and was impressed when it was granted the same evening. He jumped at the chance to become a field representative when it was offered to him years later.

As field representative, Dolan has three basic jobs: servicing established credit unions, organizing new credit unions, and lobbying for the credit-union movement.

"Servicing means a lot of things," says Dolan, "helping the treasurer straighten out his books, advising the board of directors on policy decisions, answering technical questions, but most of all it means trying to instill or keep alive the co-operative spirit.

"You have to make people realize they can do ten times more than they think they can, and that there's no mystery about handling money, that they don't have to give it up to experts or geniuses. And you have to keep reminding them that they have to take risks; that high dividends aren't the object; and that they must keep educating their people about what the credit union is for.

"As for organizing, the credit-union movement has a missionary spirit. This is partly because the best people in it want to share

what they have, and partly because the movement has to grow to survive. It has enemies, and the better it serves its members the more enemies it gets.

"Lobbying is necessary because you have to tell legislators the nature of credit unions and show that they perform a public service. Otherwise you'll get restrictive laws or taxes."

Part of Bob's work also consists of holding charter meetings at which he gives ten-minute spiels on how wonderful the credit union will be, what it will do for its members, and a general idea of how it will operate. Then come the questions. "Who runs it?" "How much work is involved?" "Is our money safe?" "How soon can I borrow?" "Is it confidential?" Finally, but inevitably, "What do you get out of this?" Bob will say, "I have no greater satisfaction than to see a new baby born into the world." Then he'll explain that the new credit union will pay him nothing; his salary is paid by the state league, which means that 400 other credit unions are willing to support him "in order to bring you the benefits of the credit-union idea."

The crucial moment at a charter meeting comes when Bob asks, "Now, how many in this outfit want to have a credit union?" If seven hands are raised, the deed is done, the babe is born. (The credit union's potential field of

membership, parish, factory, neighborhood, office, must, of course, be much larger, but seven persons can apply for a charter.) Next will come the organization meeting, when the officers and committee members are selected and the treasurer is initiated into the secret rites of bookkeeping.

"I think it's amazing the number of Catholics who are leaders in the movement," Dolan says. "They aren't 'prominent Catholic laymen.' Most of them aren't outwardly fervent. But it seems to me they're right an amazing percentage of the time. They stick to the essentials; they want the credit unions to keep helping the people who most need help. I charge it up to the power of grace."

Why is he in the credit-union movement? "I think the old era has passed," Dolan says. "But the end of one era means the birth of a new one. As old institutions collapse, there must be new ones ready. I don't know exactly what they'll be like, but I do want them to operate on a different principle, on cooperation instead of competition. It may be that credit unions can finance the other institutions of a cooperative society. Or it may be that some day there'll be a group of survivors trying to pull themselves up out of the atomic dust. I want them to have had the experience of working together, of depending on one another to help one another."

Enough to Eat for Everybody

Chemistry, not birth control, will solve the problems of our increasing world population

By JACOB ROSIN and MAX EASTMAN
Condensed from "The Road to Abundance"*



GIVE us this day our daily bread." The words of the Lord's Prayer express the fear of starvation which has been hanging over mankind since time began. There never has been a moment when people were not dying of hunger somewhere.

Because real hunger is all but unknown in America, many of us think this problem has been solved. Actually, the world food situation is steadily growing worse. World population is doubling every 70 years.

Even this rate will probably be accelerated by the progress of medical science. In Ceylon, for example, the death rate was reduced from 20.3 to 13.2 per 1,000 in just two years, from 1946 to 1948. The population there is now increasing at a rate which will double its number in 26 years. During the short U. S. occupation, the mortality rate in Japan dropped from 17.2 to 11.4 per 1,000. Under U. S. guidance, the death rate of Puerto Rico was lowered from 31 per 1,000 in 1899 to

10.9 in 1949. Should the same thing happen to India, it would produce in one century a population of 10 billion, five times more than the present population of the entire world!

Such startling medical progress is very gratifying, but it enormously increases the danger of world famine. Even in the U. S., our Census bureau estimates, by 1975 the population will reach 190 million. And the land available for food cultivation at that date will fall 123 million acres short of what such a population requires.

What is the answer? Birth control? Emphatically No, says modern science. Chemistry has demonstrated time and again that it can increase the food supply faster than population can grow. For example, experiments prove that the yield of a cornfield can be increased $7\frac{1}{2}$ times simply by eliminating weeds. And it took chemists only one year to develop the highly effective weed killer, 2,4-D, after research had begun. Population increase will be

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a long time in catching up with the now possible increase in food output.

Improving agriculture by chemistry may stave off starvation for years to come, but it is not likely to do so forever. There is a limit to the number of stalks that can grow on one acre and to the number of acres that can be cultivated. Moreover, we don't want merely to save our children from starvation, we want them to enjoy abundance. That means we must stop depending on plants for food.

If you think of agriculture as an enormous food factory, it becomes an industrial monstrosity. The "floor space" needed is absolutely prohibitive. In the U. S. alone, more than 1 billion acres are devoted to food production. And the manpower requirements are even more staggering. As of today, the largest part of mankind is employed in making one simple chemical: starch (in the form of wheat, corn, rice and potatoes). In backward countries almost the entire population works in the agricultural food factory. This lavish expenditure of man power means a low standard of living.

We must look over the methods of food production with the eye of an industrial efficiency expert. Industry goes on producing, winter and summer, rain or shine, but agriculture can never be sure its whole product will not be destroyed by unfavorable weather.

A factory puts its whole effort into producing the goods required. But with a plant, the "goods" are usually incidental. How much of a wheat field actually goes into bread? How much of an apple tree into apples? As long as we had no source of food but agriculture, there was no point in comparing industry and farming. But this is no longer the case. The time has come when chemistry can take over from agriculture the whole task of food production.

In certain fields not connected with food, chemistry has already far outstripped agriculture in producing much-needed goods. Progress began with dyes and perfumes. A century ago, 1½ million acres of land were planted with indigo. Chemistry developed a cheap method of manufacturing this product. Within 20 years, indigo plantations practically disappeared, but the total consumption of indigo dyes increased from 7 million pounds a year to 18 million. And for other colors, coal-tar and other types of synthetic dye have supplanted natural dyes almost entirely.

Natural violet perfume once cost \$6,000 a pound, since about 30,000 blossoms were required to make it. Chemistry went to work, and the price of synthetic perfume was brought to \$3.75 a pound.

However, when we come to the chemical manufacture of food, we run smack into a wall of prejudice. Synthetic food suggests to most

people little white pills. The overwhelming reaction is: "I prefer a steak to a pill anytime, even if the pill is more nourishing."

Yet, the enjoyment of food is really determined by its taste, smell, texture, and appearance. Nature has no monopoly on any of these qualities. As a matter of fact, most natural foods when they reach our tables no longer have the taste, smell, texture, or appearance that they had in the natural state. It is a far cry from raw beef lungs to frankfurters, from a live pig to ham or bacon, from wheat grains to Danish pastry. Chocolate ice cream does not grow on trees and French-fried potatoes are not dug out of the ground.

We may as well admit that there are few natural foods that we can eat without changing. And the changes, whether we call them cooking or processing, are artificial chemical changes intended to improve on nature.

So-called natural food happens to be a mixture of chemicals with nothing unusual about them. What's more, these chemicals were never created for human consumption as food. The starch of the potato is meant by nature to be food for the potato plant, not the human stomach. The milk of the cow is meant for calves, not human beings.

As a matter of fact, natural food abounds in substances which, if sold under their own name, would have to bear the label "Poison" in

big red letters. Rutabaga, turnip, kale, cabbage, brussels sprouts, and broccoli all contain a very dangerous poison known to chemists as 1,5-vinyl-2-thiooxazolidone. Phytic acid, which is very injurious to health, is found in whole wheat, oatmeal, and other cereals. Raw egg white contains the very dangerous poison avidin, and raw fish and clams harbor thiaminase, which destroys vitamin B₁. Caffeine, contained in coffee and tea, is a drug which cannot be purchased without a prescription from a physician.

Man has survived natural foods only because he has learned to use them in moderation. He has learned by experience to limit the doses of poison supplied by plants. And with all his learning, he still contracts a number of degenerative diseases through excessive consumption of these so-called natural foods. Remove the cloak of tradition from natural foods and see them as they are: a poorly assorted mixture of chemicals containing a large amount of indigestible material and a moderate amount of poison. This mixture has been, unfortunately, necessary to our life. Until now we have been unable to obtain the chemicals needed by our bodies in a form entirely digestible and free of poison. Modern chemistry is now in a position to supply in abundance every kind of food that we need or shall need, if we will but conquer our prejudices.

Our food is of three main kinds:

carbohydrates, fats, and proteins. Carbohydrates supply about two-thirds of our basic needs, including our daily bread. When we reach the point where we can manufacture chemically just one carbohydrate, starch, we shall have solved the biggest food problem of mankind, that of daily bread.

Chemists are now attacking the problem from two directions. One is to imitate the process performed by the plant. Plants use the energy of the sun to transform the carbon dioxide of the air into starch. This process is photosynthesis.

Prof. Daniel I. Arnon and his associates at the University of California recently announced that they have reproduced the essential part of this process in a test tube. They have thus proved, once and for all, that it is possible to perform a function hitherto performed only by plants. How soon we shall be able to make food out of air depends upon how much we are willing to invest in this kind of research. The atom bomb cost \$2 billion. A victory over starvation could be accomplished for far less than that.

Even so, we don't have to imitate the plant. There is no proof that the plant performs its work of food making in the most efficient or economical way. We already can heat, cool, stir, evaporate, condense, compress, and filter our materials much more efficiently than plants do. Probably the only reason that we now have synthetic rubber and

textiles, but not synthetic starch, is that wheat, corn, and rice are comparatively cheap. When we are forced to make it, as we were rubber, the resulting success will probably be as rapid as it was with rubber.

The chemical manufacture of fats offers much less of a problem than carbohydrates or proteins. Fats will probably be the first of the three main types of food actually to be replaced by synthetics. They are simple compounds whose structure is entirely known to chemists. A partial synthesis of fats, known as "hardening," has already become technically and economically feasible. One product of this process, oleomargarine, is the first man-made product to threaten the existence of a major natural food. Oleomargarine is not a substitute for butter; it is wholesome food made by industry. The chemical industry is now on the threshold of making every kind of edible fat.

Synthetic meat is a much more difficult problem to solve, but solve it we must, since it is from meat that most of our proteins are derived. The proteins of meat are among the most complicated chemical compounds known. Even with plenty of technical and financial backing, it will be a long time before chemists will be able to bring us our synthetic *filet mignon*. Yet even in this field marked progress is being made. Although man has for centuries used micro-organisms

in making beer, wine, and cheese, we are only now beginning really to exploit the "micro-biological jungle." During the 2nd World War, Britain developed a cheap way of growing yeast on waste products.

A more promising approach to the solution of the protein problem seems to be to cultivate the alga *Chlorella*. This micro-organism can multiply its own volume seven times in a single day. It is theoretically possible to grow 55,000 pounds of *Chlorella* on a single acre, 60 times more than the annual output of an acre planted to soybeans, the most productive protein crop now grown. Present cost of *Chlorella* is about 1¢ a pound, a far cry from the present price of steak. It may take chemists a while to

make *Chlorella* taste like porterhouse, but it is not impossible.

Once the industrial manufacture of carbohydrates, fats, and proteins is achieved, the bondage that chains mankind to agriculture will be broken. It will be the greatest revolution in history since man learned to make fire. The surface of our earth will be freed from dedication to food production. Crowded cities will disappear, and the earth will be transformed. Hunger, food shortages, and overpopulation will be relics of a barbaric past. Freedom from want and freedom from fear will become real.

How soon that day comes depends entirely on our willingness to give chemistry its chance. Let's hope we do it before world famine makes us do it.



How Nine Became Noon

ACCORDING to the Gospels, the death of our Lord took place at "the 9th hour," or *nona hora*. Romans started the day at dawn, so the 9th hour was roughly equivalent to 3 P.M.

At a very early period, the Church instituted a special 9th-hour worship service, which was called *Nones*. Members of many Religious Orders observed it daily, and not until it was concluded did they eat their main meal of the day.

Beginning about the 8th century, the time of *Nones* drifted toward midday. *Noon*, as it came to be called, was in different localities observed anywhere from 11 to 3 o'clock. Incidentally, that was the origin of the expression, "high noon." At first, it was literally "the noon when the sun is high."

Tradition has it that St. Dunstan, as abbot of Glastonbury abbey, insisted upon stabilizing the hour of noon. Some scholars think he was influenced by his hungry monks, who wished to advance the hour of worship in order to eat earlier. At any rate, by the 14th century noon was officially designated as midday, or 12 M.

Webb B. Garrison.



Kingdom of the Grand Chimu

Peruvians, before the white man came, had better living conditions than Europeans then had

By A. HYATT VERRILL and RUTH VERRILL

Condensed from "America's Ancient Civilizations"*

CENTURIES before the white men came, there dwelt in Peru, in the kingdom of the Grand Chimu, a people whose standard of living was higher than that of many civilized peoples today. The Chimus were artists and craftsmen, practiced agriculture and commerce, and built themselves homes beautifully furnished and even supplied with running water. Chan Chan, the capital, covered 11 square miles and had a population of 250,000.

The Chimus were expert potters. Their vessels were beautifully and accurately painted. They picture the people engaged in their occupations, arts, and industries; or depict animals, some long extinct.

The vessels reveal exactly how the people dressed, the ornaments they wore, the musical instruments they used; how they lived, cooked, ate; farmed, fished, hunted, fought, and played. In fact, they are a com-

plete cultural record in pictures.

Many of the vessels show cadavers, skeletons, death's heads, amputated limbs, malformations, wounds, tortures, sacrifices, and death throes. Others picture surgeons performing operations. Both the Chimus and other pre-Incan surgeons amputated limbs, trepanned skulls, removed eyes and diseased organs; performed major abdominal operations; and filled, crowned, and bridged teeth. Skeletons and skulls show that many of the most serious operations were successful.

The Chimus' laces were marvelous examples of weaving, and their mosaic and mother-of-pearl work was exquisite. They have left vases and cups embellished with mosaic inlay of mother-of-pearl, colored stone, and precious metals. Many of their robes and ponchos are completely covered with gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, and sections of sea

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shells, so arranged as to give the effect of a mosaic cloth. They also wove feathers into fabrics.

They never sculptured stone, but they did invent an adobe-sculpture process unknown to any other race.

They smelted copper, gold, silver, and even platinum. From Chimu tombs have come many articles of copper and silver, gold-plated. The people could not have known electricity, but so evenly is the plating done that it has the appearance of electroplating. Like all ancient Peruvians, the Chimus prized gold only because of its color and ductility.

The Chimus had a highly organized government, with court, nobility, aristocracy, and priesthood. According to their traditions, there had been 12 kings, when the people established a republic.

The republic continued for a long time. It succeeded until a powerful feudal chieftain of the Chicama valley led a revolt. With his clansmen, he overthrew the government and proclaimed himself emperor. Under his reign, the Chimus' dominions were vastly increased. Outlying tribes were conquered, and placed under Chimu governors.

It is not difficult to visualize Chan Chan as capital of the Chimu kingdom. Chan Chan was built upon a plain within easy reach of the sea, with which it was connected by canals. Surrounding the city were immense clay-and-gravel

walls, ornate with bas-relief designs, brilliantly colored. Many had enormous frescoes, forming a pictorial record of Chimu life and history.

Ornate gateways pierced the walls. Straight paved streets were shaded by palms and flowering trees. Beside each street was an irrigation ditch fed by a great aqueduct that brought water across mountains and deserts from the distant Moche river. Houses were often several stories high, with steeply pitched thatched roofs.

The houses were divided into rooms separated by cotton draperies. Many had balconies hung with multicolored rugs. They were comfortably furnished with wooden stools and benches, low tables, and beds. Some had running water, and even indoor toilets. In the kitchens were clay stoves and ovens, mills for grinding corn, cooking utensils, and some cutlery. In fact, the homes were far more comfortable, more sanitary, and better designed than homes in Europe centuries later.

High above the residences, on mounds of rubble, rose the public buildings, the palaces and temples.

Water was stored in enormous reservoirs. One was 600 yards long, 50 yards wide, and 20 feet deep. Another was 500 feet long, 200 feet wide, and 60 feet deep. About the plaza, separated from the other buildings by high walls, were the homes of the élite. Those were like

the others, but more ornate, and had enclosed patios and private baths.

The public market was always a busy spot. The country women were dressed in simple skirts and bright-hued capes, the men in loose knee breeches and gaudy cotton ponchos. The women decked themselves with mother-of-pearl, seashell, agate, and silver or bronze jewelry.

The well-to-do city residents were laden with ornaments of gold, emeralds, opals, and pearls, and were dressed in finest textiles. Among them might be a few young women attired in the very latest fashions. They were dressed in skirts of beautiful lace, with lace blouses of contrasting color. Their black hair was bobbed, their eyebrows carefully plucked and darkened, their cheeks rouged, their lips painted. Their finger and toenails were stained and polished.

Among all this lavish display of rich attire and brilliant color moved the cripples. Under the law, no one was poor: no one, no matter how lowly, ever went hungry or in rags or was forced to beg. Yet one-legged or one-armed men were common, as were men whose skulls bore metal plates over trepanned holes.

Beyond the city walls rose immense burial mounds, 100 feet above the plain. Each was composed of hundreds of adobe-brick cubicles. Each cubicle contained a

mummy, accompanied by all its earthly possessions as well as food for its long journey into the hereafter.

The Chimus had incredible amounts of gold and silver ornaments, utensils, images, and precious stones. These were invariably buried with their dead owners. Thus the quantity of treasure that accumulated in the burial mounds over the centuries was beyond calculation.

The records of the city of Trujillo state that during 1576 Garcia Gutierrez de Toledo paid as his "fifth" to the crown 58,527 castellanos in gold taken from one mound. The castellano was worth approximately \$4. Don Garcia must have found more than \$1 million of treasure during 1576.

Although the Spaniards took more than \$20 million of gold, silver, pearls, and gems, the greater part of Chan Chan's treasures had been already hidden. Moreover, only a century or two before Pizarro, the Chimus had been robbed of their most precious possessions by the Inca Yupanqui.

The doom of Chan Chan was sealed long before Pizarro set forth on his conquest in 1527. Years before that the Chimus had ceased to exist as a distinct civilization.

When the Inca Yupanqui ascended the throne at Cuzco, one of his first undertakings was to lead an army against the Chimus. But they were not easy to conquer.

Here and there the outlying communities surrendered, but the key to the kingdom and its capital, Chan Chan, was the mountain fortress at Paramonga.

Again and again the Inca hurled his armies at the stronghold. Again and again they were repulsed. Then strategy won where force failed.

Far back in the foothills, the Incan engineers dammed the river that supplied the Chimus with

water. Their crops withered, their reservoirs emptied; yet the Chimus held out. Then from the Inca came a message: unless they capitulated he would shut off the sun as well as the water. To the Chimus such a feat seemed quite possible for a "son of the sun." They surrendered.

Many of the Chimu nobles were transported to distant Incan provinces. Others, who swore allegiance to the Inca, were retained as administrators.



Impertinent . . .

Boy Scouts were being used as "guinea pigs" in a civil-defense test in a western city. The mock air raid was staged and the scouts impersonated wounded persons who were to be picked up and cared for by members of the defense organization.

One scout was supposed to lie on the ground and await his rescuers, but the first-aid people got behind schedule and he lay "wounded" for hours.

When the first-aid men finally arrived at the spot, they found nothing but a brief note: "Have bled to death and gone home."

Long Lines

and Pertinent . . .

Little Ralph was on the losing end of a game of marbles. In a fit of temper, he threw his marbles to the ground, stamped his feet, and started howling.

"Do you know what happens to little boys who display their tempers like that over marbles?" his mother asked.

"Sure," answered Ralph. "They grow up to play golf."

Winnie Aucoin in the Dixie Roto Magazine.

Pop-Offs

The chemistry professor was giving a demonstration of the properties of various acids. "Now, I am going to drop this silver dollar into this glass of acid. Will it dissolve?"

A student in the rear row promptly answered, "No, sir."

"No?" queried the professor with a glint in his eye. "Perhaps the young man will explain to the class why the silver dollar won't dissolve."

The young student arose to his full height, and said, "Because, if it would, you wouldn't drop it in." *Roger Allen in Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press (26 March '53).*

I Take Care of Old St. Michael's

My parish is only a few blocks wide, but enough happens there to make it seem the center of the world

By FR. LEROY E. McWILLIAMS

With JIM BISHOP

Condensed from "Parish Priest"*



I, I'm a priest. I have spent more than a quarter of a century in one parish, St. Michael's in Jersey City. It's an old-fashioned Irish-Polish-Italian parish, small geographically, but large in the number of its parishioners and large of heart. The story I have to tell is more of St. Michael's than of myself.

Jersey City attained its greatest glory in the 1890's, when Irish immigrants came by the thousands. Many of them settled in a downtown area about a mile square. Part of that area, in St. Michael's parish, is called Cork row.

These Irish were not rich, lace-curtain Irish. They were big men with rich brogues who had hands like hams and who worked in the sugar refinery, or down at the docks, or in an oil refinery in Greenville. They worked hard and they drank hard, and they all married angels who had the tolerance

and the temperament to keep them on God's holy path. They had large families, and it was always a problem keeping little Timothy in shoes, or trying to keep the back of his pants intact.

It was a parish of cold-water tenements jammed tight one against another. Mothers were always leaning out the window on the 4th or 5th floor, yelling down to Katie not to forget to get a loaf of bread and to tell Mr. Schultz that daddy would give him the money on payday. It was that kind of parish. It was a place of street brawls and love, of broken skulls and broken hearts; a place where a boy who couldn't lick his way through the 3rd grade had better not come back for the 4th; a place where a man might boast of any crime in the book except that of missing Mass; a place where the poor took up collections to pay the rent of someone less fortunate; a parish of marriages

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and births and deaths; a place where the freckle-faced tough kid who assists at Mass today might indeed become the gentle priest of tomorrow.

I wouldn't trade St. Michael's for a cathedral.

I THINK often of the black, rainy night that a phone call came to the rectory. I heard the ringing, and turned on the light next to my bed. The voice on the phone was heavy with whisky.

"Father, can you come right down? I'm at Sweeney's bar. A man was standing at the bar drinking, and he suddenly caved in, Father. He's laying in the sawdust, and if he passes out without the last rites. . . ."

"Who is he?" I said.

"I don't properly know his name, Father. But he lives in the neighborhood. I've seen him at Sweeney's."

I thought twice before walking into a drunken setting with the sacred Host on my person. But I got up, got dressed as quickly as possible, and went to Sweeney's.

The place smelled of stale beer and whisky. But on the bar, directly over the victim, were a crucifix and two lighted candles. Every drunk in the place had moved away from the bar, and the moment I entered, all hats were removed and every man dropped to his knees.

I think, too, of the Sunday morning a woman came to tell me that

her daughter had had an argument with her about staying out late. The daughter had packed a bag and walked out of the house. She ended up in Newark, walking the streets. A man followed her; she became frightened.

She saw a middle-aged man walking toward her, and she entreated him to walk with her to keep the other man from following. They walked together for a while, the man quieting her fears; then he walked her into a house, locked the door, and assaulted her. That was how the girl became pregnant.

I didn't believe it either.

But the first thing I did was to phone a hospital far out of town and arrange with the medical superintendent for admission of the girl ahead of time. Thus she would not become the butt of bitter gibes in the neighborhood, as her condition became pronounced. The next thing was to ask, through the mother, whether the girl wished to keep the baby. The answer was No. The third thing was to get a friendly local doctor to write a note to the girl's teacher, saying that the girl had an ailment tentatively identified as a perforated ulcer, and that she would have to be hospitalized for three months. It was suggested that she could keep up with her studies while in the sickbed.

All of this was done. The girl went to the hospital and had her baby, a fine boy with tight-shut

eyes, curling fists, and black hair plastered all over his head. The girl kept up with her studies.

It seems almost like the hand of God to me that four days after the baby was born a wealthy woman from New York, a patron of the hospital, visited the infants' ward with a Sister of Charity. She paused at the crib of the little one that nobody wanted. She looked down and smiled.

"What a baby!" she said. "You know, Sister, my husband and I have been married 18 years, and we've prayed and prayed and prayed, but no baby ever came to us. If we ever have one, I'd want it to be like this one."

The Sister smiled. "That one," she said softly, "is up for adoption."

The rich lady adopted the little boy. The girl student returned to our high school in time to don cap and gown and be graduated with her class. No one ever knew. The baby is now growing up with the finest advantages in the world. The girl has long since married, has other children of her own, and is very happy.

Nor all these personal contacts with the people end so happily. Many years ago, we had a young policeman in the parish who had everything a young man should have. Johnny was as big as a bungalow, and he spoke in polite whispers. He was as handsome as a man would dare be. He was liked by his

lieutenants and captains, and he was on the way up in the police department.

He was devoted to his old Irish mother and father, and bought a car for them so that he could take them around the countryside on his day off. He had a fiancée who can best be described as a jewel. She was pretty and she was modest, and she loved Johnny and she worshiped his parents, as they did her, and the date was set.

One day Johnny and his girl attended a nuptial Mass for two close friends, and they attended the wedding breakfast and the merrymaking afterward. At the breakfast Johnny ate with his left hand and Alice ate with her right, because the other two hands were clasped together under the table. They whispered frequently, and I guess that they saw in this their own wedding feast soon to come. That night Johnny went on duty, a block from St. Michael's. The night was clear and warm, and the hours after midnight were silent.

In the morning Johnny had not reported off duty. Two men from the bureau of patrol went out looking for him, and they found him. He was dead in the back of a parked car. He was half slumped on the floor, and one arm reached for the far side of the car and didn't quite make it. Johnny the handsome, Johnny the happy, had died of a heart attack.

The cops said that they would

break the news to Johnny's fiancée if I would do as much for his mother and father. No story, no picture, can ever convey that scene. I pray to God that I will never have to witness or be a part of another, again. The wailing of the mother and father, the screams that brought the neighbors running, the father pounding the walls with his fists as the tears staggered down his cheeks—never, never will I forget.

As a priest, I was a total failure. I could not console, because I wasn't consoled myself. My heart was like a rock. I told the old lady that Johnny had received Communion only two days before, that he wouldn't appear empty-handed, but my words served only to force her mind to understand that Johnny was indeed dead, irrevocably dead, and that she would not see him again in this life.

NO ONE ever comes to see me to bring good news. To my knowledge, no one ever rang the doorbell to announce that "the whole family is working, my husband is on the wagon, the children have been getting nothing but the highest marks in school, the rent is paid six months in advance, we all received Communion together last Sunday, and so much money is coming in that I've had to stuff some of it in the mattress." No, that never happened. And I don't think I'll live long enough to see it happen. And,

if it did happen, it might have the effect of finishing me off right then and there.

When the people need the priest, they'll find him no matter where he is. Last summer, a woman tracked me to a lake where I have a cabin. I asked her what the trouble was, and she said that her husband was in jail again, six months, this time, and that she had no rent money and that the landlord was threatening to pitch her and her brood out on the street. Would I help? I told her to go to the Mount Carmel guild, on Bay St., to tell them that I had sent her, and to ask for a month's rent. She got it. She never phoned a thank-you, but I'll be hearing from her again, I know.

I THOUGHT I knew everyone in my parish, but once I was fooled. Two boys were climbing a wall behind our school.

"Say," I said, "this is private property, boys. Get off that wall."

The little one looked down at me. His mouth curled with disgust. "Why, you dirty bum! You dirty bum, you!" he yelled. I grabbed him, pinned him arms to his side, and shook him until his teeth rattled. I warned him never to use those words again. When he left, he was crying, rubbing his eyes with grimy hands, and running—all at the same time. I returned to the rectory, and was barely in my office when the phone rang.

"Are you the priest that just beat

up a little boy over there on 10th St.?"

"Who is this, please?"

"Never mind that. Are you the one that beat up the little boy, is what I want to know. He's got lacerations, and I'm going to swear out a warrant for your arrest."

"If he has lacerations, madam, I didn't put them there. In any case, I think the warrant is a good idea. You do that."

Suddenly, she roared, "Why, you dirty bum, you!" and, from that slight clue, I gathered that this was the fine mother of the fine boys. I found out later that the family had moved into St. Michael's that very week, so I no longer felt badly about not recognizing the boys.

I PRIDED myself on knowing all the people in my section of the city. Three of the men for whom I had the utmost respect were Protestant ministers. Canon Bryan is one. He's dead now, but he worked as hard as anyone in the Lord's vineyard. He was pastor of Grace Episcopal church on 2nd St., and I think that every priest who met him liked him at once. He was a broad-shouldered man, quiet, circumspect, always busy tending to his small flock, and not a bit envious of giant St. Mary's R. C. church across the street.

He had a tolerance for other faiths that could well be imitated and practiced by others, including some Catholics. When Catholic friends of the canon died, he at-

tended the requiem Mass and consoled survivors.

There were others. Pastor Edward Grubb, a Lutheran minister, is the Protestant chaplain of the Jersey City fire department. His great gift is that he loves all people, whole blocks of them at a time, and he cares not what their faith may be. There are more Catholics than Protestants in the fire department, but the Catholics vie for Pastor Grubb's smile as much as those of other creeds. There are many others. Pastor Emeritus Alfred Sadler of the Claremont Presbyterian church is one. Today, in partial retirement, Pastor Sadler collects old Bibles. As a preacher, he was the very embodiment of true tolerance and of true scholarship.

A PRIEST sometimes has to go on calls "outside the parish." A young lady came to the rectory, some years ago, wringing her hands. I asked what the trouble was, and she said that her father was dying in North Hudson hospital, and would I go to see him right away. The father didn't come from St. Michael's, and besides, he was not Catholic, although the rest of the family was. I told her that I didn't know what good I could do, or even whether I'd be welcome at a time like that. But I went to the hospital.

I found that Capt. John Tell, formerly of the Hudson River Day line, was indeed on the way out.

He must have been just short of seven feet. His feet hung out a foot through the bars at the bottom of the bed.

He was lucid, and spoke in whispers. Nobody was fooling the captain; he knew that the curtain was falling. He lay there, looking at me with a great, mute longing in his eyes. We talked for a while, and I tried to cheer him up.

We didn't discuss death. We talked about sickness and pain and convalescence. When I got ready to go and took my hat off the clothes tree in the room, he seemed on the verge of asking me to stay. It was obvious that he wanted me with him.

I told him that I'd pray for his recovery, and, as I turned the knob of the door, I said casually, over my shoulder, "Have you ever thought of becoming Catholic, like your wife and children?"

The voice, which once boomed to deck hands, whispered hoarsely, "Nobody ever asked me."

I dropped the hat and asked him if he realized what he was saying. He nodded. I asked him if he would like me to convert him now. (At best he had a couple of hours left.) He smiled, for the first time, and said Yes.

I took off down the slippery corridor and found a nurse and got a pitcher and a basin and some water, and I skidded back into the room and baptized the captain absolutely and then administered to

him the last rites of the Church.

Later, he asked, "Am I a Catholic now, Father?"

I said Yes. He sighed a long, windy sigh and then he relaxed. He was completely at ease.

I went back to the rectory saddened over his imminent death and happy to have saved a soul at the very last moment. He died that night, and three days later, he was buried from a Catholic church on Knox Ave., in Grantwood. He received all the honors of a lifelong Catholic, with solemn requiem Mass and commitment in consecrated ground. His wife and daughters were overjoyed, even in their grief, and some of his Catholic neighbors were puzzled at all the ceremony because, as they said, "The guy wasn't even Protestant. He had no religion."

I HAVE had tragic moments and amusing moments and frightening moments but never dull moments. Still, if you were to ask me, quickly, where my greatest pride lies, I'd have to say in my altar boys. We've had hundreds and hundreds of them, big ones, little ones, fat ones, thin ones, freckled ones, fresh ones, quiet ones, fighting ones—oh, all kinds. My pride is that more than 20 of our boys, in my time at St. Michael's, have become priests.

And sometimes they were the most unlikely kids you ever saw. The very boys I was certain would never have the call to the priest-

hood were often the young men who made the finest priests. I don't know why this should be, but it is. It isn't always like this, but I've seen it happen so often that I'm no longer surprised to learn that the dirty-faced kid of yesterday, the villain who poured sneezing powder in the holy-water font, is the hard-working, hard-driving, serious priest of today.

Any priest will tell you that it is almost impossible to pick out, from the ranks of the boys, which ones will get the call. Almost all the boys, when they're young, think they want to become priests later in life.

Of all the St. Michael's boys who became priests, the one I think of most frequently is Ogden Dates. His father, John Dates, boasted to the world that he would never remove his hat in the presence of any priest. Ogden's closest friend was Frank Sheridan. When Frank decided to become an altar boy, Ogden was most unhappy. He wanted to be with his pal in all things, but serving on the altar, with the knowledge of his father, was impossible.

Still, little Ogden brought the matter up at the supper table and waited for the explosion. It never came. His father just looked at him as though this particular child was some strange species which he didn't understand. Ogden's mother, who was Catholic, beamed at her son.

So Ogden studied to serve on the

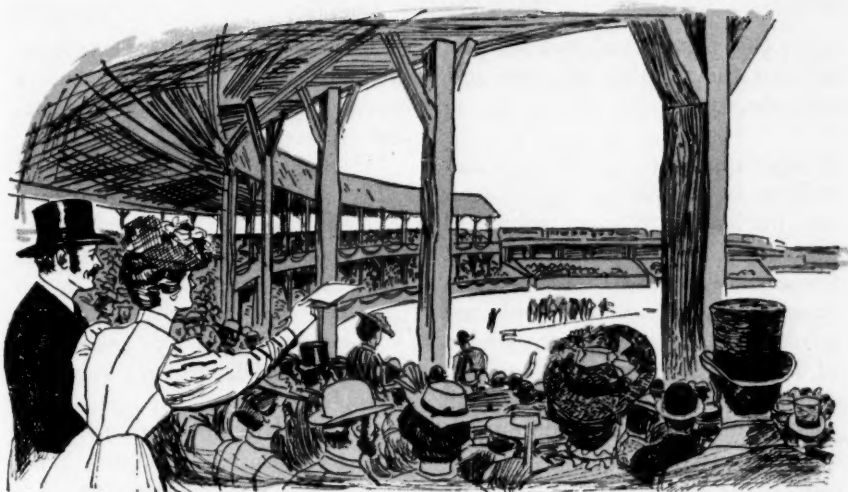
altar, and he and Frank Sheridan drew the eleven-o'clock Mass on Sundays. The boys weren't serving more than two Sundays when I was surprised to see that rousing anti-Catholic, John Dates, at Mass. Lest anyone get the wrong impression, he made it known to everybody that the only reason he was there was to watch his son on the altar. He still had a spitting contempt for the Church, but it swelled the old man's heart to see his son on that altar. John Dates never missed a Sunday eleven-o'clock Mass after that. The more he attended, the prouder he felt. It got so that he knew every move made on the altar, and its symbolism.

One evening the rectory bell rang, and the housekeeper said that there was someone to see me. I walked downstairs, into the study, and there stood John Dates. I smiled. I didn't know what else to do. I looked at his head quickly. It was bare. His hat was in his hand.

Gruffly, he asked me if he could receive instructions to become a Catholic. Twice as gruffly, I said, "Sure." In time, John and I became the best of friends. Under the rocks of his personality, he was all shiny gold.

Years later, his son Ogden, and Frank Sheridan, became priests. Don't let them tell you that fathers never weep.

That's the way things went in my parish. As I said before, I wouldn't trade it for a cathedral.



The Real John J. McGraw

By MRS. JOHN J. MCGRAW

Condensed from "The Real McGraw"*

ST. ANN's church was overflowing with people and flowers long before father and I reached the altar on my wedding day. John J. McGraw, the man who was to be my husband, could draw a crowd anywhere in Baltimore in baseball uniform or evening dress.

Fans and just curious, numbering many hundreds, waited in the street that day, Jan. 8, 1902. Wilbert Robinson, Willie Keeler, Joe Kelley, Steve Brodie, and Hugh Jennings, then members of the Baltimore Orioles, were there too.

Father Cornelius Thomas, pastor

of St. Ann's, officiated. He sent us on our way with what I believe is the most unusual admonition ever uttered to a wedding couple.

"You have come to this altar," he began, "to ask the blessing of God and His Church on the love of your hearts; to utter before Him your vows of fidelity; and to receive from Him assurance of His paternal regard and loving affection.

"Let selfishness be no barrier to your happiness, but understand that each must often give up much, renounce himself, that both may enjoy delightful fruit. For you

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know that it is the sacrifice hit that adds to the number of runs and wins the game."

BEFORE our marriage, I was a day student at Mount St. Agnes College for Young Women. John had become a regular caller at our home since he and I had met at a Sunday gathering. He did not smoke, and, despite part ownership of a cafe on N. Howard, he did not drink. He would talk of baseball plans, and his new Baltimore team.

When John first mentioned marriage I was still in school, and registered at Mount St. Agnes for the fall term. There was no question about my feelings in the matter, but I observed feminine decorum in accordance with standards of 1901. John simply had to ask my father.

We spent many evenings on the porch, talking of obtaining father's permission. Of course, John had troubles, but this seemed more a matter of courage than troubles. What about the fearless John McGraw I had heard my baseball-minded brothers discussing? They boasted of how daring he was on the field, challenging opponents, running the bases, and defying the most savage umpires. I asked if this were really true.

"Not exactly," he explained. "Of course, I argue, and—well, Blanche, in baseball you have to fight all the time for survival. And if your

father was an umpire for one minute, I'd have it all over in half a minute. But he's not an umpire, and this is different."

"How?"

He shifted uneasily and turned to look into the parlor where father was reading. He rose, sighed, and said, "I guess I'll make it this time. He's by himself."

The engagement was announced on Oct. 24, 1901, and my ring was enough to make any girl's eyes sparkle. It had three beautiful diamonds set in a row along the curve of the ring. The two outside stones were of three carats each, and the center one almost four carats. My sister Jeannette and I used to stare at that brilliant ring for minutes at a time. Over the years I've lost it and found it, left it several places—once on a Boston boat—but I still stare at it for minutes at a time.

As a bride of a few weeks, I learned that John's business was indeed highly competitive and that his interest in it had been with him a long time.

THERE is no recorded evidence to show how or where little John McGraw got his first baseball. From time to time over the years I plied the oldest residents of John's home town, Truxton, N. Y., with questions about him.

From what I was told, I assume that John was never without his



baseball, not even when he served Mass. You could identify John on the altar by the incongruous lump in his back pocket.

In the spring of 1889, Bert Kenney, a Truxton hotel owner interested in baseball, was organizing a team to represent Olean, N. Y., in the New York and Pennsylvania league. John pleaded for a chance to play on the team. Bert wasn't sure. John was good, very good on local teams, but out in the organized competition—well, other kids all over America had worked just as hard, and played and sacrificed and driven their parents to distraction. And Bert couldn't play favorites.

"Suppose that I make a contract, and you don't make good?" Bert asked.

"I'd return the money you paid me," John said. "I'd earn it, and return every cent." Bert signed him.

The first official act of a uniformed team in those days consisted of rushing to a studio for a photographic exposure. Led by mustachioed Bert Kenney, the team posed with arms folded, but with OLEAN in plain view: Doyle, Fee, Judson, Ansell, Beggy, Shea, Egan, Heine, Wetzel, and 17-year-old John J. McGraw, 3rd baseman. Eleven in all.

John, of course, needed a personal photograph to send back home as proof of his new career. His father had doubted the wisdom of the precarious move. John prom-

ised his father many things, however, fame and money, good behavior, care of himself, and attendance to religious duties.

Despite six black defeats at Olean, John profited greatly from the brief engagement. He established warm friendships among the Franciscan Fathers who operated little St. Bonaventure's college, near Olean. Nothing else could alleviate the shock of nine errors in one Olean game, John's lifetime record. Father James of the Franciscans was his chief consoler.

John left Olean and played with the team at Wellsville, N. Y. Wellsville was different. John played at 3rd base again, but not permanently. No player remained in one position long, on account of the limited roster. Pitchers played the outfield, and outfielders played anywhere. One game against Bradford, just across the Pennsylvania border, ended in a runaway score of 22-4. John pitched the nine innings and held the Browns to six hits.

John next signed to play with the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, team. The league was strong, including six cities with population of better than 20,000: Rockford, Joliet, Quincy, and Aurora, Ill., and Cedar Rapids and Davenport, Iowa. Also in the league were Ottawa, Ill., and Ottumwa, Iowa, population about 5,000 each, but with great baseball interest.

The city's big day came on April

16, two weeks before the opening of the regular season. Cap Anson and his famed Chicago White Stockings arrived in town for an exhibition game.

The big-leaguers were greeted with city-wide enthusiasm all day, and a heavy downpour of rain early in the afternoon. Hundreds of fans had buggied in from the outlands and huddled dispiritedly in the drenching downpour. The skies brightened at 3:30, and manager James Plumb of the Iowa team rushed to the park to find more than 600 paid admissions in the covered grandstand. That really brightened things up. The grounds-keeper was put to work with a pail and sponge.

John's biggest disappointment was in being unable to wear his new Cedar Rapids uniform of black stockings, knickers, and cap, with white blouse and coat. But Manager Plumb said they had cost too much to be ruined in the mud.

At 4:45 P.M., April 16, 1891, John J. McGraw, rookie shortstop, stood on the same baseball field with Adrian Constantine Anson, greatest baseball player in the world. Anson was a giant, six feet three inches tall, 215 pounds, yellow hair, and large bright blue eyes. Both men stood in the same mud in the same game, little John McGraw of Truxton, N. Y., and legendary Cap Anson, born only 32 miles west of Marshalltown, Iowa. John was 18

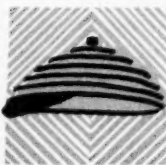
on April 7. Anson was 40 on the 11th.

The big man stood at the plate to open the second half of the second inning and swung hard in missing two pitches. He batted right-handed. John edged to his left. Anson swung hard again and hit the next pitch with great power. John raced to his left and leaped to spear the line drive with his gloved hand. It was by far the finest play of the game. He tossed the ball to Cutler, his pitcher, and returned to his position with a newly acquired nonchalance. Anson stood at the plate studying little John with great interest.

Chicago was leading 1-0 when Henry Fabian, Cedar Rapids center fielder and lead-off batter, started the 6th inning with a base hit off Hutchinson. John sliced the next pitch into left for a clean hit, sending Fabian to second. Yelling at Anson to get out of the way, he rounded first base, and returned quickly.

He looked up into the big man's face, and growled, "Say, old-timer, so that's what you call big-league pitching! We'll murder that fellow."

But the laugh was on John an instant later. Both Cooney and Foster were thrown out at 1st, and after the second out, Anson looked over to see Henry Fabian actually stuck in the mud ten feet from 3rd base.



Expecting a force-out at 3rd, Henry decided to slide for speed. He hit the goo too soon, lost his momentum, and then settled in what seemed like quicksand. The whole ball park began to laugh as Henry thrashed around in the slick mud, trying to regain his feet. Anson was laughing, too, but threw the ball quickly across the diamond to Bill Dahlen, who sloshed out carefully to tag the struggling Henry for the third out.

Chicago won, as everybody expected, but only by 2-0. John had another field day at shortstop, making seven assists and three put-outs without once slipping in the mud. After the game, Anson complimented him and asked how he would like to play for Chicago someday. John never remembered what he replied, but insisted that it was nothing fresh. That same season, 1892, John McGraw joined the newly formed Baltimore Orioles.

IMEDIATELY after the close of the Orioles' season on Oct. 15, he enrolled at St. Bonaventure's college (once Allegany college), where he had made friends while playing with Olean.

During those dismal days at Olean in the spring of 1890, when John had first met Father James, he promised him he would return as soon as possible. It was a strange move for a professional player in those days. Too many spent their winters in corner saloons telling

of their great deeds and exploits, or cooking up alibis for why there were none to tell.

Father James, still at St. Bonaventure's, was deeply impressed with the way John could recite the contents of the ever-changing baseball rulebook. The elderly friar believed that anyone able to understand the *Spalding Guide* for 1891 would have little trouble making up Latin and reading the classics. Thus, John, in his 20th year, joined classes made up of boys five and six years his junior. But he was still small, and he worked hard, and there wasn't time for worry about the differences in ages.

Long before the snow showed any sign of disappearing, or even letting up, John was starting his baseball program. The boys began in the cellar of the largest building. They cleared out one corner and erected a batting cage of old lumber and chicken wire. By mid-March, John had to leave for training with the Orioles.

It is sheer heresy in many quarters to suggest that the Old Orioles didn't invent everything worth while in scientific baseball. They could be credited, and often were, with originating just about everything associated with inside baseball—and with outside baseball, too. John was first, according to his own claim, to hook his finger into the belt of a runner at third, from the back, and yank him off stride when he started

home after a sacrifice fly. He was also the first to wind up with the belt in his hand. The intended victim, Pete Browning, simply unbuckled his belt when he detected the trick and raced to the plate holding up his pants.

The Orioles were also first, I believe, to be caught with an extra baseball hidden in the high outfield grass "for emergencies." It might have remained a secret, had not Steve Brodie failed to see that Joe Kelley had already thrown the real ball in and that it wasn't necessary to throw in the emergency ball. Brodie's blunder, I'm happy to report, cost the Orioles a game by forfeit.

Speed was the answer, and the Orioles had gathered a bunch of superspeedsters, hitters and young men who loved to run and play baseball. Here is the fabulous and somewhat historic Baltimore Oriole line-up of 1894; John McGraw, 3b, aged 21; Willie Keeler, rf, 22; Steve Brodie, cf, 26; Dan Brouthers, 1b, 36; Joe Kelley, lf, 22; Heinie Reitz, 2b, 26; Hugh Jennings, ss, 25; Wilbert Robinson, c, 29; Sadie McMahon, p, 26.

But John always insisted that the peak of Oriole hitting perfection came with the Decoration-day series with Pittsburgh, or Allegheny City, as the north side of the town was called.

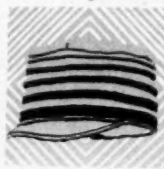
"We gave the prettiest exhibition of place hitting that I ever hope to see. It was like a contest among us.

The left-handers poked the ball into left field, and the right-handers poked it into right, time and time again. The Pirates were completely confused, and their catcher-manager, Connie Mack, was even more so. The fans at Exposition park had never seen anything like it, and neither had we."

MANAGER JOHN MCGRAW's transfer from Baltimore to the New York Giants in July, 1902, from the American League to the National, was wholly unexpected by press and public. Sports writers accused John of tricking President Ban Johnson of the American league, deserting his Baltimore friends and backers, and selling out to the National league.

He never flinched nor protested. He believed that baseball could be helped only by vigorous competition on the field and rivalry between two strong leagues. The National League needed a New York franchise if it were ever to rival the American league. That was John McGraw's motive.

New York fans and sporting circles took John McGraw and his Giants to their hearts and heads in 1905. Enthusiasm went beyond description. The fans weren't quite as raucous as the Oriole partisans of 11 years before, but they were just as sincere, and the joy lasted longer.



After several seasons as a successful manager of the Giants, John took his team on a trip around the world. We left from Vancouver for a 23-day trip across the Pacific that should have taken only ten days for the 7,000 miles. For ten days an 80-mile wind was recorded, and the entire crew suffered from seasickness.

February brought the warm waters of the Mediterranean and the sunshine of North Africa, Italy, and the French Riviera. We played games at Cairo, Alexandria, Naples, Florence, Monte Carlo, Nice, Marseilles, and Paris. We spent Feb. 8 and 9 in Rome, but played no games. The high spot of our trip was an audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius X. Pius was small and venerable, but quite alert and wholly cognizant of our mission in behalf of baseball. He died within the year.

That audience meant much to me. Here was the "boy and the baseball," spreading the message around the world. Here was the little fellow from Truxton, who had carried the precious baseball in his hip pocket as an altar boy. Now he stood before Pope Pius X with the baseball, not in his hip pocket, but in his heart.

THE word *home* became a six-room reality in 1910, when we moved into a 5th-floor apartment of a building at 301 W. 109th St., at Broadway. For the next 11 years

a chain of unforgettable memories was forged, chiefly from an endless parade of visitors and friends that represented every imaginable walk of life. John was generous to those who needed help.

One morning in later years he opened a small package at breakfast. Reaching into the tiny wooden box lined with cotton batting, he brought forth a glistening lump of gold the size of a thimble.

"Stanley Boler!" he exclaimed. "Look at this. A nugget, real gold, from Stanley Boler!"

"It's beautiful," I said, looking close. "Who is Stanley Boler?"

"And you say nobody ever pays me back—"

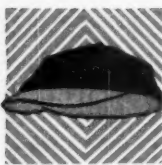
"I never said any such thing!"

"Well, you probably thought it plenty of times," he went on, strictly for the benefit of his own conscience. "Why, I only loaned Stanley—how much did I lend him? I've got it in the book."

"What year?" I challenged.

"Why," he struggled to remember, "the year he went out to start his mining out in—wherever it was. Anyway, it was no more than \$25. And look at this, real gold, and it's worth \$1,000."

He was the happiest man in creation, for here was vindication of his liberal philosophy. The nugget was actually worth about \$700. John packed it carefully in the box and carried it to the Polo grounds. There he proudly displayed the lesson of bread cast on the waters.



I recall objecting only once to his generosity, and I didn't fully appreciate the circumstances. All I knew was that the tailor had just made and delivered a fine new suit for John at what was then a fairly high price. His wardrobe was never lavish, and, like many men in his station, he had to be dragged into tailor shops. Hence I looked forward to going out with him in the new suit.

I heard him talking with this evening caller in low tones at the door. Just who it was I never learned and didn't care at the time. But I grew suspicious when I noticed John hurrying through the living room and then rattling things in his closet. Sure enough, he returned with a suit on a hanger. He had the suit, a pair of shoes, and a guilty look.

"Just a minute," I said. "You're certainly not going to—"

"This fellow's got a job to take over first thing tomorrow morning, Blanche," he whispered, and shushed me with his finger. "He can't go in any old suit. It's an important job. He's got to look nice."

And I watched the good suit disappear into the night with the stranger, though he was probably an old friend of John's. My husband looked neither left nor right as he hurried past me and into his workroom, where he could escape

further discussion of the matter.

The Giants finished last in 1915 for the first and only time as a McGraw team. Sadder than the finish was the fact that the great Christy Mathewson had reached the end of the pitching trail. There would be other Giant greats on that rubber, but none could possibly compare with him. John's biggest job from then on was to keep Christy set apart as something special in his mind.

As a result, John never would compare his later pitchers with the immortal Matty. Departure of the Mathewsons emphasized more acutely than ever the passing of time.

The 1917 team, with mostly new blood, won John's sixth pennant in New York by a wide margin.

OF the endless challenges that crammed John McGraw's baseball life, those arriving with the 1920 decade were greatest. Each in itself was an emergency, and as a group they comprised a backbreaking burden that made a servant of his mind day and night. And he was not yet 50.

New York City became the capital of the baseball world in 1921. This was when the Yankees and Giants duplicated the 1906 feat of the White Sox and Cubs in Chicago, when both home-town teams topped their respective leagues. The Yankees finished their season in New York and became senti-

mental favorites while the Giants were out on the road, struggling to overcome an insurmountable lead held by the Pirates. The high spot of the year came when the Giants rose to the occasion and won a succession of victories.

The 1921 World Series was the third in succession and last to be decided on a basis of five out of nine. It was the first with Commissioner Landis in full control, and the Yankees had full control of the Giants in the first two games. Carl Mays held them to five hits (Frank Frisch got four) and no runs in the first game. Waite Hoyt pitched a two-hit shutout in the second.

Then the flood gates opened, and the Giants took control. They hammered four Yankee pitchers for 20 hits and 13 runs, eight of which came in the 7th inning. Phil Douglas beat Mays in the fourth game, squaring the series. Nehf lost another close one to Hoyt, but the Giants took the last three on timely hitting and superb pitching by Fred Toney and Jess Barnes, then by Douglas and finally Nehf.

All attendance and financial records were broken. More than 250,000 paid over \$900,000 to see the eight games. Each Giant received \$5,265, and each Yankee, \$3,510. The share to the commissioner's office was enough to pay the Landis salary of \$50,000 for two and a half years. Both New York clubs drew a bonanza in profits,

for the players shared only in the first five games, the number necessary for victory.

At the end of the 1924 season John McGraw's Giants had won their tenth National-league pennant in 22 years. They had won four straight championships for the first time in league history. Charles Comiskey's four association flags in the late 1880's was the only thing like it. Cap Anson, Frank Selee, Ned Hanlon, Fred Clarke, Frank Chance, and John himself had tried for the fourth in the National league. All had failed until 1924, when John brought the Giants, and the Giants brought John, to the very pinnacle of baseball fame and good fortune.

John McGraw's silver-jubilee year got off to a head start on March 12, 1927. The year was made even more memorable on June 1, when John led the Giants onto the greatly enlarged campus of St. Bonaventure's college. The spirit of Father James lived again in the person of Father Thomas Plassmann, O.F.M. As head of the college for many years, he had rekindled the old Oriole legends. John found a large athletic ground to be christened the McGraw-Jennings field by a baseball game between the Giants and the Bonas under the captaincy of Frank Early.

INTERNAL organic disturbances began to affect John's health late in 1930. The ball-club physician, Dr.

William J. Walsh, warned John of possible trouble in the near future. He was more irritable, and he began to dread the road trips with the club. Dr. Walsh told me that John would have to be watched and examined regularly.

John went to California with the Giants in February, 1932, again with stern warnings from Dr. Walsh. These were obeyed. There was only one "official" party, a private affair, held in a roomy but secluded cellar, and the oldest of his California players and friends turned out. Bozeman Bulger and Will Rogers shared the introductions and storytelling. He thrived on another handshake with Chief Meyers, Fred Snodgrass, Tillie Shafer, Jim Jeffries, Barney Oldfield—all part of the living mosaic that portrayed his career and life.

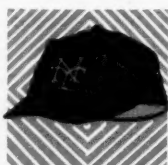
But on his return, Dr. Walsh didn't like the development of an ominous prostatic condition and definite signs of uremia. When John turned back from the first road trip of the 1932 season, we knew he was really sick, and Dr. Walsh discussed with him the necessity of managing the team only at the Polo grounds. This was a bitter alternative, like only fielding in a ball game and not being allowed to bat. He couldn't take it, and so he decided to give up the management of the Giants.

"There is no inside story, gentlemen," he said to the press with firm

finality. "I resigned as manager of the Giants because my doctor ordered me to. There was no quarrel between me and Mr. Stoneham. He treated me squarely, like both of his predecessors under whom I worked. Now we have Bill Terry, a capable player and a man who knows baseball thoroughly, at the helm. He deserves a fair chance from his fans and the press and I hope he gets it."

The doctors did all they could for him but treatment failed to stop the rapid spread of prostatic and intestinal cancer. His system was further harassed by the more rapid and serious development of uremia. But one day he rose, shaved himself, and exchanged witticisms with nurses and orderlies. But the time left was very brief.

A bad turn came, and Father Vincent de Paul Mulry administered last rites. For those who might wonder, John always remembered the promise to adhere to his religious duties that he made to his father many years before. We attended Ascension church, on 107th St., east of Broadway, when we lived in the city. Father Sweeney was pastor. In Pelham Manor we went to St. Catherine's, and in Havana to several churches, though we liked to go to the old Columbus cathedral for the early Masses. John remained in a coma all one night, and died just before noon on Feb. 25, 1934. He was 60.



BOOKS

RECENT BOOKS

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

The Private Dining Room and Other Verses, Ogden Nash. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 169 pp. \$3.)

The genius of comic poetry must be a strange jade. In her own feckless way, with a witty phrase or two, she punctures complacency; and she often gives rumors of the summits of song, mist-hidden from the practitioners of iambs who take themselves and art seriously.

Aristophanes, Horace, Chaucer, Pope—the line is a grand one, and the shafts are feathered to suit the age and its particular butts.

In the U.S. the tradition is less classical and more akin to the manner of folkways. Earthy, exaggerated, corn-spawning: that is the pitch from Yankee Doodle to Twain.

Of late years, Ogden Nash has grasped the elusive nettle and crowned himself with it. The act had all the aplomb of a crowning at the ancient Olympics.

Now, in his latest book, the qualities of Shakespeare's Touchstone are less apparent than they were in his earlier poems. The poet who wrote, "O Duty, wouldst thou had the visage of a sweetie or a cutie," now sighs too much about his age, and the startling changes to be seen through Coolidge's whiskers.

Mr. Nash's effects are still as gracefully managed as Perle Mesta's train. The expected seldom happens, but the framework has its old primitive charm, the rhymes askew, and the manufactured words from the most repaying mother lode of Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Malaprop.

But there's a kind of sadness in Mr. Nash's most recent effort, instead of the expected chuckle and free-wheeling imagination.

I remember once picking up in Paris a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. In it was a poem by Ogden Nash, my first encounter with the man. The subject of the poem was sin. Mr. Nash put all sins into two divisions, "Sins of Om" and "Sins of Com." He saw clearly that there's very little to say beyond that.

People certainly try, but they find it harder to invent new sins than new gadgets. This was a philosopher speaking in a new way that was worth listening to.

Reading all Nash's poetry since those Paris days has been a happy experience.

Nash had about him a joyous fashion of pinning up an ancient mackerel with the airy grace of a lepidopterist fastening an Emperor butterfly on a long pin.

*But my word is this, Ogden.
Please don't gnash so hard;
Otherwise the shoe might be
on the other foot or even in
your own back yard.
So please forsake this hubba
hubba, and flundubba dubba
Of highbrow Latinity,
And go back to Nashinity.*

Big Business: A New Era, David E. Lilienthal. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 209 pp. Indexed. \$2.75.)

The Greeks may not have had a word for it, but they knew the difference between a flea and an elephant, and that either one was enough to start a circus.

Mr. Lilienthal has fallen in love with bigness. He's not the first among us to do so. Most of our so-called native wisdom, beginning with Emerson, is based on a philosophy of bigger and better elephants: bluer skies, slimmer bodies, millennial handouts from science or technocracy.

Bigness has its place and its triumphs, but Aldous Huxley has made out a much better case for marginal activity than Lilienthal has for bigness.

Much of Lilienthal's mature years has been spent on big affairs. The Tennessee Valley authority was super duper and good. It may not, however, have been the only fashion of solving the difficulties involved. The Atomic Energy commission was a shade bigger than Mr. Lilienthal's first government job. He has had a wide experience with big affairs, and in some parts of his book Lilienthal puts up an eloquent defense of his thesis.

The weakest parts of the book are those which trace out the possible effects of big business on the individual. There is something inhuman in being a cog in a machine. It is not merely contrary to American tradition but to human tradition. The Russian experience with peasant farms in the Soviet

BOOKS

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

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(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9.
The Popcorn Dragon, by Jane Theyer (Morrow, \$2).

Intermediate Group—9 to 12. *Albertya for Short*, by Pearl Frye (Little, Brown, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. *Guns of Yorktown*, by R. W. Daly (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50).

Girls—12 to 16. *And Nora Said Yes*, by Sister M. Vianney (McMullen, \$2).

Knowledge Builders. *Here Is a Book*, by Marshall McClintock (Vanguard, \$2.50).

empire tells something of the story. To argue that men in great organizations will profit from increased leisure is like guaranteeing vacations to automatons.

And, it may be asked, "Doesn't Mr. Lilienthal's whole admiration of bigness prepare the way for the welfare state and the welfare world?" Government, in Russia and

the U.S., has become the biggest business of all, but the results from a human point of view are hardly admirable, and as regards efficiency, lamentably wasteful.

For humans it will always be more important to *be* something than to *achieve* something. This, it seems to me, is the important thing Mr. Lilienthal has forgot.

» » « «

Lessons: Animal

SOMETIMES life reminds me of an experiment that was once conducted in a Cornell laboratory. A live frog, thrown into a pot of boiling water, leaped out in the fraction of a second. His instinct for self-preservation saved his life.

Then, however, the frog was put into a pan of cold water, which was heated very, very slowly. The contented frog made not the slightest effort to jump; in fact, he relaxed so completely that he ultimately boiled to death.

Bennet Cerf.

•

Vegetable

THE great violinist, Nicolo Paganini, willed his marvelous violin to the city of Genoa, on condition that it never be played again. Wood, while used and handled, wears but slightly. Discarded, it begins to decay. The lovely-toned violin has become worm-eaten and useless except as a relic because it has never been used since Paganini's time.

Lion.

And Mineral

HE WAS a very small boy with a very black eye, and while mother bathed it, he explained that it was all the other boy's fault. She smiled understandingly, but pointed out that it takes two to make a fight.

When the eye had been suitably cared for, the mother took the boy's hand and led him out to the back porch. "See those hills, son?" she said. "I want you to yell at the top of your voice, and call them all the names you can think of."

He laughed a little, but did as he was asked, and back from the hills came the echo of his own voice. "Now," said his mother, "call out 'God bless you.'"

The young fellow shouted again, and this time the hills called softly back, "God bless you."

Tid-Bits.

Diminutive, but invincible, he is ready to face any odds

The Kingbird Is Boss

By

CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.



Condensed from
*Audubon Magazine**

SOME BIRDS travel 25,000 miles a year. Others can fly 2,000 miles nonstop twice a year. There are birds that fly 165 miles an hour; birds that prey on monkeys; birds that measure 11 feet between wing tips. There are even birds that spend nine months of every year at sea.

The most illustrious bird, named *Tyrannus tyrannus*, the king of kings, by ornithologists, is smaller than a robin, undistinguished in appearance, unmusical of voice, and unsung in literature.

A summer walk of a few miles down a country road anywhere in the eastern U.S. is likely to take you near a pair of kingbirds. Nothing about kingbirds will attract your eye. They are black-backed and white-breasted, with a square-cut, white-tipped tail. To see a kingbird, watch for crows.

Crows have a powerful addiction to eggs and young birds. They raid the heronries of Florida, the nests of ducks in the Dakotas, and even haunt the public buildings of the national capital for pigeons'

eggs. But the crow's nemesis is the kingbird. In any territory a kingbird has marked out for his own, the crow goes eggless.

Let a crow show himself in the kingbird's neighborhood. You soon see the crow diving downwind with the diminutive defender of the realm hard upon his tail. Alternately the crow maneuvers to elude the attack, and tosses back his head to snap at his assailant, whose wild, staccato outcries pierce the summer hush. The kingbird swoops down from above and behind, striking with head and beak; then he climbs for another assault. He has no weapons to maim or kill, but presumably he can hurt, for a few black crow feathers will hang in the air like miniature flak bursts.

As the chase extends high over the fields, the kingbird falls behind, like a windied terrier in the wake of an accelerating truck. This trick seems to be part of the fun. In a moment, with a chatter of mingled indignation and jubilation, the kingbird again catapults to the

*1130 5th Ave., New York City 28. May-June, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the National Audubon society, and reprinted with permission.

attack. He closes the gap with such speed that the crow seems to be fanning the air without moving. The chase ends, finally, at the border of a patch of woods, into which the crow drops like a stone.

When I was 12, I spent the summers on a farm in Westchester county, north of New York City. Most of Westchester has become suburban since then, but the Norway spruce that stood between our front porch and the nearest chicken house still stands, and there are still kingbirds nesting in it. Every year, these birds saddled their nest near the end of a limb in plain view. Kingbirds never take cover from danger, and seldom trouble to conceal their nests.

In my boyhood, the kingbird was to me the embodiment of the avenging spirit and the symbol of freedom. The topmost twig of the spruce was the male's favorite lookout station. Balancing there, 70 feet up, watchful for invaders of his realm, he resembled a tiny, vizored knight.

There were always plenty of scraps. One July day a flock of starlings, 30 or 40 of them, wheeled over the farm and headed for the spruce. The kingbird met them, the whole flock, just as it cleared the barn. It was as if a bomb had exploded among them. For a few seconds there seemed to be five kingbirds in the air at once, and the starlings were reeling in every direction. At the end, the spruce

stood inviolate with the starlings dispersed among the maples on the other side of the house.

It made no difference to the kingbirds whether an intruder was dangerous or harmless. The herons caught it as surely as the crows. The female would join in the initial pursuit, and the male would harry the heron across the lake. He would alight on the heron's back, and deliver more telling punishment, clinging to it like a cowhand on a bucking steer.

The northern end of the ridge across the lake was covered by heavy woods. A pair of red-shouldered hawks lived there. These birds are members of the genus *Buteo*, which comprises the massively built hawks you generally see circling high overhead, taking it easy in the updraft of a thermal current. If one of these came along, a fight was certain.

The *Buteos* are heavy but powerful flyers, rigged for the open sky and capable of soaring out of sight without appreciable effort. Even to overtake the hawk would require a major effort by the kingbird.

You could almost see his head lowered as he charged. His angle of climb would grow as he gained on the hawk; the first essential was to get above it. With this achieved, the battle would be on, the kingbird lunging at the hawk's head and shoulders, the hawk nosing off downwind to pick up speed, bucking and sideslipping under the

blows of his assailant. The hawk would try to outclimb his attacker, but the kingbird would strike again and again, taking care always to be above. Sometimes the pursuer would fall so far behind that you thought this time he was surely spent. To come even once more with the towering *Buteo*, the kingbird would fly almost straight up, a feat no soaring bird can accomplish.

The metallic cries of the attacker would grow fainter, and he would look no larger than a gnat. In the end, the hawk would steady itself and, tilting slightly against the wind, fall away across the sky in a level glide. A moment later the victor would materialize, resembling a tiny skier swooping breathlessly down a descending series of invisible hills. The last dive would bring him to the spruce. There, still filled with the exhilaration of combat, he would break the silence of the descent with a paean of self-praise.

I was transported by the performances. I had seen a kingbird attack a peregrine—the favorite of falconers—and, more than that, I had watched him challenge the *Accipiters*. Unlike the *Buteos*, the *Accipiters* are preeminently bird killers. They can plummet through a treetop with the speed of a me-

teor. They are so fanatic in pursuit of their quarry that they will even follow it on foot through underbrush.

When one of these hawks appears, most other birds think only of cover or distance. But a kingbird appraises the situation with cocked head, crouches, and darts forth to intercept him. To watch the kingbird chivvy one from the neighborhood was enough to cap my conviction that the kingbird was for his size the most redoubtable of fighters.

In time the matter of the kingbird's invincibility came to be a point of less concern to me. The concept of heroism becomes a little more complicated as we grow older and the satisfactions of life somewhat subtler.

The kingbird is an adventurer. There is gaiety in his contests with other birds and in his shadowboxing. Lacking foes, he climbs steeply, then executes the intricate paces of close-in battle. He is animated by a pure zest for action.

He has no gladiator's equipment. His ferocity is of the heart alone. But the last factor that enters into his appraisal of the world is his own physical insignificance. His prowess consists in the sublime assumption that he is equal to any odds.



ADVICE to girls: Never play ball with a man unless he furnishes the diamond.

Transit Topics (24 May '53).

He Fights the Fiercest Fires

*When oil wells burst into pillars of flame,
the drillers call for Myron Kinley*

Condensed from the *Lamp**

MYRON KINLEY was lolling beside the swimming pool of his home one mild California afternoon in 1951 when he was called to the telephone. The voice on the long-distance wire was urgent. An oil well being drilled in Iran had blown wild; it was now a flaming torch on the desert. Could Kinley shut it in?

Within an hour, armed with passport and small valise, Kinley was boarding a plane at Los Angeles airport. Eighty hours and 8,000 miles from home, he was flying over the wild well for a first look. Without sleep, he jumped into the job. In 23 days of grueling work, he put out the fire and capped the runaway, one of the biggest wild oil wells in history.

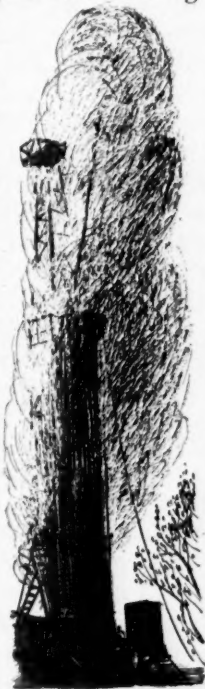
To Kinley, a gentle, 54-year-old grandfather, such a wild-well summons is routine. Since 1920 he has

tamed more than 300 runaway wells in 11 countries.

Out of almost 45,000 wells drilled in the U.S. each year, only 25 go completely wild. But they waste oil and gas. They dissipate underground pressures that are needed to force up oil. They can be costly in life and property.

A wild well is nature on the loose. Sudden release of pressure brings forth a jet of gas that towers hundreds of feet and hurls strings of drill pipe upward like toys. The roar can be deafening a quarter of a mile away.

One wild well in four catches fire. The flames create a billowing shaft of black by day, of fierce yellow and orange at night. No one knows how hot such towers of fire become inside, but they melt steel drilling rigs like candles. Kinley sometimes works



*30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20. June, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Standard Oil Co. (N. J.), and reprinted with permission.

within a few yards of the blaze. Oilmen are awed by his resistance to heat and fatigue.

The most stubborn blowout of all time was Moreni No. 160, in Rumania. No. 160 was being drilled by a Rumanian affiliate of Standard Oil Co. (N.J.). It was down to 4,798 feet, and proceeding routinely, when it blew wild on May 28, 1929. Its gas pressure of 4,000 pounds per square inch blew drill pipe and tools high into the derrick. The huge jet of gas, millions of cubic feet a day, caught fire. The well was to burn for 890 days.

Rumanian law provided that the government take control in such a disaster. Government crews lost ten men by explosions in one tunnel. The Moreni blowout was big news everywhere. Kinley made a trip to Bucharest at his own expense, equipped with testimonials from American oil companies. But the government wasn't interested. Kinley came home.

But after the well burned for two years, government officials gave up, gave Kinley a contract not only to snuff out the fire but also to cap the well. He began work on Aug. 3, 1931.

Kinley was able to shoot out the fire several times with massive charges of nitroglycerin, but it persistently re-ignited. He was plagued, too, by the worst thing that can happen to a wild well. Gas escaping from below the surface ate a huge crater around the well head.

Fires sprang up within the crater as the gas found new outlets. But with the aid of an earth slide and several more shots, Kinley finally subdued the flames on Nov. 4, three months after he had started. It took three more months of tough work to cap the blowout with a valve that could hold the pressure. Not only was No. 160 tamed; it made an excellent gas producer.

No. 160 crystallized Kinley's technique. Tractors latch on to remains of derrick and drilling tools and haul them out of the way. Bulldozers sweep away debris and level the site. If the well is afire, men working near it are sprayed constantly by massive streams of water. Kinley stands in the heat and confusion, directing his crew with arm signals amid noise that prevents shouted commands.

Then comes the big test. Between 50 and 500 pounds of gelatin nitroglycerin must be exploded near enough to the well head to blow out the flame. Kinley's preference for this perilous task is a tool of his own invention, a 45-foot hook made of pipes and mounted on a heavy tractor. The tractor inches toward the flame, the explosive in its claw. Water pours through the pipes to cool both the hook and its cargo, which could be exploded by the heat alone.

Finally the charge is placed. The tractor withdraws. Kinley and his men race from the well head. A hand plunger sets off the blast. The

roar is followed by a wave of dusty air that smothers the flame. If luck holds, the pillar doesn't re-ignite.

After the fire is out, the runaway still must be capped. The fire fighters, working only a few inches from the jet of gas, saw off the jagged well casing by hand. (A man who breathes too much of the gas can be dragged out and revived in fresh air; that's just normal risk.) Then, while a crane lowers a huge valve, the crew forces the valve into place against pressure that could blow it skyward like a kite. The valve is bolted into place. If gas and the sand it carries don't scour away the valve seat before it can be closed, the wild well is tamed.

Kinley is always trying new devices. Once he borrowed an old ship funnel to use as a tower to lead off a stream of gas while he worked below. On a recent job he borrowed a 75 mm. cannon to shoot off a damaged well head which was deflecting flames so that he could not get close enough to work on it.

You'd never take Kinley for the world's champion fire fighter. He looks like a department-store Santa Claus without the beard. His baby-blue eyes twinkle behind a ruddy outdoors complexion that extends up to where his hair used to be. His 5 feet 8 inches weigh 222 pounds, partly muscle and partly the product of good eating around the world.

For three decades, he has never

had more than two or three competitors at a time. Accidents keep the ranks of oil-well fire fighters thin. His brother was killed in a wild-well accident years ago.

He himself has not escaped unharmed. His hearing is impaired, as a result of his having worked at close quarters to the terrific roar of wild wells. In 1931 he broke a leg on a job; a Texas Ranger pulled him to safety, whereupon Kinley went to town, had a cast put on the leg, and returned to squelch a fire that already had killed nine men. An injury to his knee in 1936 left his right leg permanently immobile; he has rigged his car for left-leg driving. From his neck down, he is covered with scars.

Kinley made a feeble effort a few years ago to retire, but he didn't quite make it. The old fire horse still answers the alarm, which is never far away. He isn't happy without a telephone at his elbow; he has four listings in the Houston telephone directory, even though he now considers California his home.

Kinley isn't entirely without nerves. A few weeks ago he was driving with an acquaintance down a highway in Texas. They passed a team of men working atop those skeleton towers that support cross-country electric highlines.

"Look at those crazy guys, working up there with all that juice," Kinley observed. "I wouldn't have that job for anything. That's plain dangerous."

Bob Considine and the Indirect Approach

*A light touch with no attempt at edification
makes a working formula*

By GRETTA PALMER

BOB CONSIDINE, whose daily column is syndicated to more than 200 newspapers by International News Service, is not, he will tell you, a Catholic-newspaperman. He is, he avows, a newspaperman-who-is-a-Catholic.

The distinction is an important one to Considine, who has firm and somewhat severe views on the failings of the religious press. "Too many diocesan-paper editors," he says, "think that it is their Catholic duty to play up, in every issue, a picture of the bishop shaking someone's hand. If the hand shook the bishop, it could be news; not the other way around."

Now, Bob Considine does not belong to the anticlerical group of Catholics who occasionally direct catcalls at the hierarchy. His criticisms of Catholic institutions are made from the firm ground of unquestioned orthodoxy and of po-

litical views that are far from revolutionary. His objections are those of the professional, wounded by "seeing amateurs make a mess of things." Also, he dislikes being bored, and that leads him on to trenchant criticism of another hallowed institution of the American Church.

"I'd reform the Communion breakfast," he says. "The morning is an awful time of day to bend your ear to speeches. Couldn't they come after Benediction, instead? But if we have to have breakfasts, let's, at least, cut down the number of speeches. And how about eliminating oatmeal? Samuel Johnson was right: oats are for horses. To serve a thing like that is downright Jansenist. Our Lord seems to have approved of people who laid on good meals."

Considine ought to know: he is himself one of the most sought-after toastmasters for Communion



breakfasts in the New York area, where he lives. Always a witty and sometimes a fervent speaker, he seems to be at ease in public appearances: this, he tells you, is deceptive. He would not dare rise to his feet to speak without some preparation ("I can't make a telephone call without using notes") and his weekly TV program also subjects him to relentless tortures. Bob's natural form of communication with the public is by means of his typewriter, at which he pecks out copy with the facility of the former sports writer, trained to type a pat phrase for every hit before it reaches the baseman's glove. That is one reason why his views on the Catholic newspapers are so severe: "They have a whole *week* to write their stuff," he says, unbelievably.

"Priests are sometimes pretty haughty about the 'godless secular press,'" he tells you. "But this is a mote-and-beam deal, to my mind. The secular press would go out of business in a month if it were as sloppy in make-up and choice of news as most of the diocesan papers are. The godless press could teach Catholics quite a bit about gingering up our own press."

If you ask Bob Considine how, specifically, he would liven up the Catholic newspaper, he will say, "Give the reader what he wants to know, instead of toadying to what the chancery likes to see about its own members' doings of the week. Live discussions of the questions

the average Catholic wonders about could be printed in big type on the front page and would create interested discussion. There are few opportunities for most Catholics, outside the confessional, to discuss their doubts or misgivings. Let's use the Catholic press for these.

"For instance? What about the fact that crooked politicians don't get reprimanded by their bishops? Why don't the Gospels mention the death of St. Joseph? Are encyclicals *de fide*?"

"Topics like this are news, because they're new . . . at least they are new to the grass-roots Catholic. Clichés, however true and pious, don't pack a wallop. To say in print that God is good and Christ is the true Saviour, week after week, doesn't startle anyone who found out those things when he was five years old.

"But if the diocesan papers were filled with pungent, readable features, a smart bishop would pass the word to his preachers to have a mention made of some arresting article during the Sunday sermons. This would be good for circulation," says Bob (who knows his way around the various floors of any newspaper), "and the added revenue would make for better editing."

Among the "smart bishops" in Considine's book, one of his close friends stands out. This is Bishop Michael Ready of Columbus, Ohio, formerly director of the National

Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, D. C. Bishop Ready instructed and baptized Bob's wife, Millie (she made her own arrangements for this, some years after her marriage, and without domestic prodding). The mild, half-humorous anticlericalism that a captious Catholic might suspect in Considine's attitude is never said so loudly to the laity as to such Roman-collared friends as Bishop Ready ("although I'm rather scared of priests," says Bob. "Hangover of acolyte indoctrination").

Whatever Bob has to say to prelates, he says to prelates' faces, and a case in point concerns His Excellency of Columbus, Ohio. "He was just a *consignor* then," says Bob, "Right *rev.*, but still short of Most Rev. I took him to dinner in New York one evening at Toots Shor's, where all the sports writers go. Yes, I was able to get a table: I said I was Jimmie Cannon. I had a couple of Martinis and I began to talk theology—what passes for theology with me. I found myself pounding the table and saying, 'The biggest troubles of the Church in this country come from slavish knuckling to the hierarchy. Now, take this old-world business of kissing bishops' rings.'

"A week later *he* became a bishop. Embarrassing!

"My wife and I went down to Washington for the consecration. When it was over, I approached Bishop Ready for his blessing. I

was pretty impressed and touched, I'll tell you. I knelt over his ring, a real knuckle-duster. Just as I was about to kiss it, he smacked me and said, 'Hey, there. Remember Toots Shor's.' I think that's the most irreverent remark ever made by a bishop on his day of consecration."

Such lightness of touch in the field of religion is a Considine specialty, and apparently a welcome one, whenever he is asked to make a public address to the faithful. The old wheeze that, at a Communion breakfast, the "laity preach the sermons and the clergy tell the stories" breaks down with Bob. "Sour-puss" religion has been condemned under the name of Jansenism: Considine is not likely to get into trouble with the authorities for being unduly sad or mirthless on the dais. A story he particularly enjoys telling, when he shares the speakers' platform with any Jesuit Father concerns a latter-day revelation from on high: it is signed "God, S.J."

Such familiarity with the things of the faith gives Considine a characteristic apostolate to Broadway and newspaper friends outside the Church. If he finds himself with one of these when they are passing a Catholic church, he is apt to say, "Come on in, you infidel. We'll save you yet," and few men, thus approached, refuse to join him in a visit. Considine's younger boy children are both altar boys, one at the church of St. Vincent Ferrer on Lexington, one at St. Ignatius Loy-

ola on Park Ave. "We have one godless child," he says apologetically. But since she is a girl aged four her failure to attend Sunday Mass may be understandable.

Bob Considine's domesticity is remarkable among roving columnists: when he goes to far-off cities on assignments, his wife usually goes, too—and she is as likely to be as guest-of-honored in Hollywood or London as her syndicated husband. Last winter there was a month when Millie Considine seemed to be getting more press clippings from Broadway and Hollywood writers than Marilyn Monroe. Like her husband, Bob's wife is an extrovert who likes to sit down to dinner with ten to a thousand people a night. She has been married to him since 1931, when his career seemed set in the government civil-service groove in Washington.

Bob had then been out of school, Gonzaga High school, for ten years. He had climbed steadily, but not too spectacularly, on such rungs as were open to a messenger boy in the State department: he had even arrived at the rating of junior clerk. But in this period something else had happened: Bob had learned to play tennis. It was on the public courts, and his first racket cost \$2.98, but the boy was very good. Bob won the junior championship in Washington, the men's title in the district, and, in 1930, the national public-parks doubles. With these triumphs behind him, he was

given an athletic scholarship for night classes at George Washington university, where he went in for journalism.

A misspelling of his name in the *Washington Post* brought Bob to protest to Bill Coyle, its hard-boiled sports editor, who said, "What difference does it make? Nobody I ever heard of reads tennis news, anyway." Bob convinced him that lots of people Bob knew read it, and that he could write it accurately. In 1930 a vacancy occurred on the staff of the paper for a full-time reporter. Against the warnings of his family (who deplored his leaving the security of a civil-service job) Bob took the plunge and became the paper's high-school sports editor and, later, its baseball writer.

In 1933 Cissie Patterson, publisher of the *Times-Herald*, offered him the job of sports editor for twice his old salary: in fact, she dangled before him the princely sum of \$60 a week. Bob (now a married man) snapped at the chance; for four feverish years he edited the sports page, wrote a daily column, covered the ball clubs and ground out a daily short story about government workers under the standing head, "Uncle Sam's Children." At the end of this period, in 1937, Bob received what he calls "the newspaperman's equivalent of being tapped for Skull and Bones at Yale," a telegram, "Meet me tomorrow at the Ritz Towers in New York. Wil-

liam Randolph Hearst." He went.

Since he went to work for Hearst, Bob Considine has risen to his present sassy success, with a syndicated daily column and with front-page stories on the most exciting events of the year, wherever they occur. It is the pleasant and extravagant practice of his employers to cover the world as intimately as a city editor covers his home town. Bob will be told to run over to India or Italy for a story as casually as most New York reporters are told to take a subway to 125th St.

In 1943 he was sent to England as a war correspondent for a series on the 8th air force; in 1945 he visited China, India, Burma, North Africa, and a recently liberated Germany as a guest of the army's air-transport command. On his return, Bob expected to specialize, as in the pre-war days, in sports. But Jack Lait, editor of the New York *Mirror* and a subscriber to Bob's column, said, "You've seen too much of the world to stick to sports. Move around a little more."

That was the beginning of the present column, whose homespun wit won it this year's Headliners' award as the best feature column published. Of this honor, Considine says, "It's a sort of poor man's Pulitzer prize, but I was happy about it because it's decided by the votes of newspapermen themselves."

A similar honor came to him a few years ago when he was elected

president of the Overseas Press club, made up of foreign correspondents.

Describing his present career, Considine says, "I cover parades." This all-inclusive word, *parade*, includes any gaudy event that is of front-page interest to Americans, from the coronation of Queen Elizabeth to the atom-bomb trial explosions. When he is not on an out-of-the-country assignment, the column deals with whatever interests Bob in New York or Hollywood. (He has written the scripts for several successful moving pictures, in his spare time, including *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*.) Many of the columns deliver a religious message, but usually from an oblique and unexpected viewpoint, so that the general reader is teased on into reading a thoroughly Christian bit of prose which he might reject if it were more openly edifying. It was for one such column, printed at Christmas, 1952, that Bob received the Christopher award.

This was not Bob's first writing on this very theme, however; an earlier story in *Collier's* tells how our Lord decides to re-visit the earth, and arrives in Florida, only to be told that anti-Semitism bars Him from attending the Christmas party at a local club. As Christ summons the Archangel Gabriel to accompany Him back to heaven, He says, "I guess they need more time to get my message straight."

Bob feels strongly on the Nativ-

ity: the Christopher column describes the cards he received which censored Christ out of His Christmas. "Had a card," he wrote, "with a tenderly tinted view of a battleship belching a broadside; a lot of cards with wistful dogs, horses, cats; views of the Manhattan skyline from Brooklyn; a bewildering variety of front doors; a pretty painting of a Swedish bridge; a superbly embossed card giving the first, breath-taking sentence of the Constitution, and a shot of the Kremlin tower. Call me Scrooge, but I can't quite experience the haunting tingle of bygone Christmases by resting the eye upon a beautifully colored picture of the Eiffel tower."

"Snow is fine, and all that. But there wasn't any around when Christ was born. Nor reindeer being ridden by cartooned images of the dear little ones or the family. Nor hack poets. There was mainly this Child, as I get it, and His Mother, and she wrapped Him in some of her clothing and laid Him in the manger of a cave because, as a good reporter named Luke wrote, a few years later, the Family had had some hotel trouble."

Besides the work of humanizing religious truths for the newspapers, and making occasional speeches for Catholic groups, Considine has done other chores of charity for the faith. In 1949 he wrote *The Maryknoll Story* during a Bermuda vacation. This book, published by

Doubleday, describes the work of the Maryknoll Fathers throughout the world. Considine, who is one of the most fluent writers of the day, thinks doing this was nothing much: he still maintains that the hardest sacrifice he ever made for the Church was to get up in an unheated, cold-water flat in Washington at 5 A.M. to serve Mass in his young, or altar-boy, winters.

A cherished companion of those early days was his younger brother, George, who died of cancer last year in a Washington hospital. Bob's column on this event was written out of deep feeling: its final paragraph is indicative of Bob's apostolate of the understatement, by which he brings sympathy for the faith to those who might reject a more direct approach. It deserves to be quoted, anyway, for its forthright and unashamed sincerity.

"One day, a month ago, I took a man named Fulton Sheen to see my brother. For almost a day my brother had not been able to talk, but in 15 minutes this man Sheen had George sitting up in bed, swapping stories. Sheen gave him a little present—a rosary whose decades are of different-colored beads.

"There is an old saying, 'You can't take it with you.' But my brother took Sheen's rosary with him to Arlington today."

In the theater they call it "throwing a line away." Bob throws away the Catholic truths, so that someone else can pick them up.

Milwaukee: Home of the Braves

Even the crime rate has gone down since big-league baseball made fanatics out of nice, quiet citizens

By SHIRLEY POVICH

Condensed from the Washington Post*



MILWAUKEE has been mentally unhinged since March 18, when the town inherited a big-league ball team.

The athletes from Boston weren't merely ball players in begrimed uniforms. They were shining knights. When the Braves zoomed into the league lead in June, the state of Wisconsin swooned.

The stadium may be in Milwaukee, but the team belongs to Wisconsin. Rural fandom has outdoted Milwaukee's happy citizens in worship of the players. They have been bringing the players the dairy specialties from their farms, muskies and walleyes, and invitations to vacation spots, on the house, of course.

In the excitement over the Braves, strange things have been happening. Like the order for 3,000 tickets for a Braves' home game from Cedarburg, Wis., a town of 2,500.

But the city folk are just as

enthusiastic. Third Baseman Ed Mathews, in a Milwaukee store to buy a suit of clothes, was recognized, measured, fitted and told, "No charge," by the grateful store manager who said it was a privilege to serve the Braves. Outfielder Jim Bruton, who moved his family to an unfurnished apartment for the season, returned next day to find it furnished without cost. Braves' players with children are on the free list of the milk companies.

When the Braves returned from an Eastern trip a couple of weeks ago in the league lead, a crowd of 10,000 whooping fans greeted them at the railroad station. They carried banners, strewed flowers, and pressed gifts on players.

Any person even faintly connected with the team was cheered. Jack Clark, Chicago *Sun-Times* baseball writer who had traveled with the Braves, suddenly found himself being handed an expensive wrist

*1515 L. St., N. W., Washington 5, D.C. July 5, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Washington Post Co., and reprinted with permission.

watch by the team's secretary. "How come?" asked Clark. "You might as well have one," he was told. "Everybody else is getting 'em from these giddy people."

Milwaukee now claims to be "the town that made the Braves famous." The *Milwaukee Journal*, eager to prove Milwaukee a big-league town, started publishing comparative attendance figures of the Braves in Boston last year and Milwaukee this year. It was farcical. On their first 13 home dates, the Milwaukee Braves' attendance surpassed the entire total of 281,728 fans who saw the 77 home games in Boston last year.

The Braves have made a vast difference in Milwaukee's daily life. Radio dealers report that "sets that have been in the attic for ten and 15 years are now coming to us for repairs." That Milwaukee folks want to listen to the broadcasts (there is no television) when they can't get to the games is obvious. A recent survey showed that on Milwaukee downtown streets, portable radios carried by citizens average three to a block while the games are in progress.

The other night, the Democratic County council scheduled a party meeting to discipline two state senators who had voted against the party platform on state income-tax legislation. The chairman swung the gavel for order at 8 o'clock. He got no attention, and officially delayed the start of the meeting until

Gratitude

THE Braves have offered an annual \$25,000 stadium rental for their first two years, instead of the original \$1,000 a year. They have also offered to move the big \$125,000 scoreboard from Braves Field, Boston, to Milwaukee. The Braves' management said these moves were in acknowledgement of the enthusiastic support of Milwaukee and Wisconsin fans. First indications were that the offer would be accepted. The Braves, in the first one-third of their home dates, drew more than 500,000 paid admissions, with 1½ million expected for the season.

R. G. Lynch in the *Milwaukee Journal* (28 June '53).

10:20 P.M., when the delegates finally pried themselves away from the radio broadcasting the Braves' game.

Milwaukee's police chief, John W. Polcyn, even suggests that a decline in the city's crime rate may be due to the Braves. "Fewer Milwaukeeans violated the law in April and May, according to court statistics," he points out. "Baseball does have an effect on the morale and general conduct of citizens of this community. They have found something new in which they have a common interest. Fathers and sons are going together to the games, or listening at home."

My Gift in Tahiti

*A dollar's worth of seed brings
a mighty harvest of good fortune*

By JAMES NORMAN HALL

Condensed from "The Forgotten One"*

James Norman Hall, who with Charles Nordhoff wrote the famous novel Mutiny on the Bounty, lived on Tahiti most of his life. He died in 1951.

I HOPED to make a vegetable garden in the fertile Tahiti soil the day I ordered seed from America. But when I cleared away the weeds, I saw hosts of ants drawn up in waiting battalions. The ground was made a sieve with the holes of land crabs, and a crab stood at the entrance of each hole waving his keen-edged nippers. I lost heart. I put away my tools, and decided to let nature plant whatever she would in my garden plot.

I gave my dollar's worth of seed to a Chinese named Hop Sing, who lived a quarter of a mile from my place. As I had other things to think of in the early 20's, I forgot Hop Sing forthwith. I had only \$5 left, and not another penny to be expected until I had written something. The manuscript would have to be sent to America, my only

market. Even if it were accepted at once, a remote possibility, I could not hope to receive a check for at least three months. How was I to live? Plenty of bananas grew on my place, and about 50 coconut palms; but my landlord, a native, reserved the right to both fruit and nuts. This was only fair: I was paying only \$3 a month for my one-room house.

Three days later I was on page 2 of a sketch which I planned to call *Settling Down in Polynesia*. I had written and rewritten the two pages of my story, trying with each new draft to blacken page 3. I was aroused from a mood of profound dejection by a knock at the door.

It was Hop Sing, and with him were his wife, their three small children, and a wizened little man shaped like a question mark.

"My fadda-law," said Sing, indicating the old man.

I smiled and nodded.

Sing took from his pocket the packets of seeds I had given him.

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"All this Melican seed?" he asked.

It was, I said, and of the best varieties.

He was silent for a moment; then he said: "Make fine garden, now. Make plenty big tomato, plenty corn, plenty squash. Bimeby you see."

Sing went out to his wagon and returned with three fine watermelons. He made a second excursion, bringing this time a live hen, a bottle of wine, and 17 eggs.

"Littly plesent, you," he said. All three shook my hand, bidding me good-by with smiles and nods.

I dined that night on a six-egg omelet and half a watermelon. With new interest I reached the end of my *Settling Down* story.

The next day I went to Papeete to mail my story. Someone touched my shoulder. It was a bald, fat little Chinese who had evidently been running after me. He was so out of breath that he could not speak for a moment. Then he began talking in Chinese-Tahitian. I finally caught the name Hop Sing.

"Hop Sing?" I said.

"You know Hop Sing? Hop Sing flen, you?"

Yes, I said, I knew him. "Hop Sing live close me."

"Good! Hop Sing send me letta. I know name, you! You give seed, put in gloun, make garden. Hop Sing glad. Me glad. Hop Sing brud-daw-law, me."

"What name, you?" I asked.

"Lee Fat. Keep store, over there,"

and he pointed down the street.

"When you go back Papéari?"

"Go this morning, on motor bus," I replied.

"Goo-by," said the Chinese, and rushed away without another word. I stood looking after him, touched that he should chase me down the street just to thank me for a trifling favor to his brother-in-law.

It was nearly noon when I arrived at Papéari. While I paid the driver my fare, the baggage boy gave me a box.

"You've made a mistake," I said. "That isn't mine."

He insisted that it was. A Chinese had brought it just before the bus left the market. When I pried off the lid, I found a card with "Lee Fat. No. 118" printed on it. Every Chinese on Tahiti has a number, for identification. Under the name was written, in pencil: "Mr. Hall, for you."

The parcel contained a two-pound box of New Zealand chocolates, a paper bag of litchi nuts, a quart of champagne, and a Chinese lacquered box with a gold dragon on the lid. In the box were two silk handkerchiefs and silk pajamas.

I tied a string to the champagne and lowered it into the cistern to cool. Then I went out to attend to my staked-out hen.

She had laid an egg, and was sitting on it. That gave me an idea. I made her a nest of the excelsior which had been packed around the

articles in Lee Fat's gift box, and placed in it the five eggs remaining from Hop Sing's gift. The hen settled down upon them with contented cluckings. Twenty-one days later my hen stepped out of her nest, followed by four chicks. I was quite as proud of them as she was.

It may seem incredible that my bottle of champagne should have remained unbroached during this time, but I had quite forgotten it. One day, however, when my landlord was gathering coconuts I invited him in to share it with me. He was more than willing, and his somewhat reserved attitude toward me altered with the first glass.

Several of his children accompanied him to the house, and I shared among them the box of chocolates. It was a merry little party, and after much pleasant talk my landlord left me with repeated expressions of good will.

The next morning I found on my back veranda a bunch of bananas and a copra sack half filled with mangoes and oranges, gifts from my landlord. Often thereafter, Mata, his wife, would send me baked fish, breadfruit, and mountain plantain, fresh from her native oven, and I remembered with deep gratitude that I really owed these benefits to Hop Sing.

Hop Sing's garden was flourishing. All the seeds I had given him had sprouted and gave promise of a rich harvest under his patient, ceaseless care. He was always at

work, and so was Mrs. Sing. Even the ancient, not Mrs. Sing's father but her grandfather, as I was to learn, was far from useless. He was a baker, and twice a week, after his long day's toil in the garden, Hop Sing made the rounds of the district, selling crisp loaves and pineapple tarts to the natives. During these excursions he often left something at my gate, either a tart or a loaf of bread.

The weeks passed so pleasantly that steamer day came before I realized it. I walked into town once more and found there a letter accepting my manuscript, and a check for \$500.

Today, \$500 may seem trifling, but it was a fortune to me then. I had never before received even half that amount for anything I had written. With the half of it, plus \$2, I could pay rent for seven years; the other \$250 would be enough for other expenses for nearly as long.

But now, with bright vistas of ease and plenty opening before me, I found myself thinking about leaving Tahiti. If I did not go now, I might have to wait long before I should again have enough money for a steamship ticket. I walked the streets of Papeete for hours, trying to decide. The clock in the cathedral was striking two before I made my decision—to go.

Hop Sing was in town the day I left. His last gift was a basket of tomatoes as large as oranges, and a dozen ears of sweet corn. He

smiled good-by. Then the steamer backed away from the wharf and headed for the open sea. I went to my cabin so that leaving that most beautiful of islands might be a little less painful. While I was unpacking my bag, a steward looked in to give me my table assignment.

"This trip there's only one other gentleman at your table," he said. "Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite," I replied. "By the way, will you please have this corn prepared and served at luncheon? Take a couple of ears for yourself if you care to."

"Thank you, sir. I hope the other gentleman likes sweet corn. He's done nothing but complain about the food ever since we left Wellington."

I had just seated myself when the other passenger came in. He was a tall, spare man with a drooping mustache and a bilious complexion. He struck me as being extremely hard to please. He was partaking gloomily of a dish of creamed tinned salmon when the steward brought in a platter with eight splendid ears of golden bantam corn steaming on it. He gazed at it in astonishment.

Never before have I seen a man give himself up to the enjoyment of food with such purely physical abandon. When he had finished his second ear he said, "Steward, where does this corn come from? It's not on the card."

"No, sir, it's not on the regular

bill. It's a gift to the table from the gentleman sitting opposite you."

He gave me a grudging glance as though he had just become aware of my presence.

"Consider yourself thanked, sir," he said, brusquely.

Half an hour later I was aft, watching the peak of Orofena, the highest mountain on Tahiti, slowly sinking into the sea. A hand was laid on my arm. Turning, I saw my table companion.

"See here! You mustn't mind my grumpiness. I'm afraid I was a little brusque at luncheon. I've got dyspepsia, a wayward liver, and an enlarged spleen. Gives me a sort of jaundiced outlook on life. But I want you to know that I'm grateful. Sweet corn is one of the few things I can eat without suffering afterward. Now, then, tell me something about your island. I didn't go ashore. Useless trying to see even a small island in six hours. It's only an aggravation."

I scarcely know how it came about, but within a few minutes I was talking as freely as though to an old friend. I told him of the beauty of the islands in the eastern Pacific, of the changing life, of the mingling races; of the strange outcroppings of savage beliefs and customs. Presently I halted, thinking he might be bored.

"Not at all," he said. "Well, you've had an interesting time, evidently, and you seem to have made good use of your eyes and ears.

You're an American, aren't you?
What do you do for a living?"

I told him that I was a writer.

"Is that so?" he said, looking interested. "Got any of your stuff with you?"

"A few sketches of various sorts," I replied. I brought out six slight papers on various island subjects. He thought two of them worthless, and, strangely enough, they were the ones I thought best.

"But these four are not bad. What do you want for them?"

"You mean you would like to buy them?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. But I forgot to tell you that I'm the director of a

newspaper syndicate in the U.S. We can use these sketches. Well, what do you want for them?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. I was about to add, "Would \$100 be too much?" meaning \$100 for the four. He interrupted me.

"Give you \$150 each for them. Is that agreeable?"

That evening I wrote a list of all the benefits, direct and indirect, that had come from my gift to Hop Sing. Adam himself, even before the fall, could not have reaped such a rich and varied harvest as I did from my nonexistent garden at Tahiti. And it all came from \$1 worth of seed.

Quartet In Heaven

By J. G. SHAW

Matt Talbot was a drunkard,
St. Dismas was a thief,
Magdalene a play-girl
And Tom without belief.

But there they are in heaven
Smiling down upon us now
As each holds a tilted halo
To a badly battered brow.

So the sin of all you sinners
Doesn't definitely damn
For your Wasness doesn't matter
If your Isness really Am.

Hearts are Trumps



A LONG TIME AGO, at Stanford university, a young student signed up the great pianist Paderewski to give a concert at the college town. The student publicized the event well enough, but for some reason or another, it didn't click. Only a small crowd showed up. The famed Polish pianist had been guaranteed a large fee. The receipts were nowhere near enough to make it good, and the student was responsible for the debt.

There was only one thing to do, and he did it. He went up to Paderewski and made a clean breast of everything.

The great pianist put a hand on his shoulder, and said, "Don't fret. I'll just take my bare expenses."

Long after that, at the end of the 1st World War, Paderewski was called to the head of his nation. Poland had regained her independence, but she was ravaged by the war; she had no money and no credit, and her people were starving, and on the edge of another war with Soviet Russia.

It was then that a man came to see the Polish premier. He was the head of the U. S. War Relief service, but he had once been a Stanford student in a jam.

"Once you did me a favor," he told Paderewski. "Now I have come to give you a hand. You shall have all the food you need." And Paderewski and his country got it. The name of the ex-Stanford student was Herbert Hoover.

Harold Helfer in *Kiwanis* (June '53).

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

